A Tragedy.

By JOHN WILSON.

Juvenal, Sat. 13.

——Fatebere tandem——,
Nec surdum, nec Tiresiam, quemquam esse Deorum.
——At last you'll find,
That Heav'n is neither deaf, nor blind.

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ANDRONICUS:

A Tragedy.

UM

To my Friend A. B.

IF ever you gave your self the diversitement of reading the Preface to my Comedy of the Cheats, you may remember, I did as good as protest against Apologies; and yet the case happens to be such at present, that I find my self (how unwilling soever) engag'd to tread that path yet once again: To tell you how long since this Tragedy was first written, or why it has not been since acted, were but (in effect) to suspect your memory; 'Tis enough to me that you know both, and I doubt not, will be ready to do me right as you see occasion: I pass it, and according to our wonted freedom shall only speak a few words to the thing. A Story of the Eastern Empire, between the years 1179. and 1183, and such perhaps, as might not be thought altogether unparalel'd to what our selves

have seen, were not the one, but too fresh in our memories, and the other, too far remov'd from our knowledge — And here me thinks I hear you charging me with a Non bene conveniunt, *The Story of 3 or 4 years, cramp'd into fewer hours! And why not? — My design was a History, and if I have kept the Congruities, I may reasonably presume I have observ'd enough. — Nay further, if I have dealt with it, as Procrustes with his guests, lopt some, or stretch'd others, be pleased to consider, that for the same reason that I might the better fit them to my own model. — To be short, if I have once given made my thoughts Legible, and my self the subject of every mans opinion; how weak soever, be pleased to such evils as you may chance to meet with, to oppose this — That notwithstanding I may have written some few Plays, yet the Stage is the last thing I shall pretend to; And therefore, though possibly I could wish,* Ut placerent quas fecisse fabulas, *yet I was never so much in love with a full cry, as to believe, that all open'd alike, or that the approbation of one wise man, was not more worth, than the noise of a multitude: —*

Let

The Preface.

Let me not seem immodest if I close all with that of Plautus

Virtute ambire oportet, non favitoribus;
Sat habet favitorum semper qui recte facit.

Farewel

Your &c.

J. Wilson.

Jan. 15th

1663.

THE PERSONS.

Alexius Comnenius	A Youth, (the Son and Successor of *Manuel Comnenus*) Emperor of *Constantinople*
Anna	His Wife, (Daughter of *Xene*) afterwards married by *Andronicus*.
Maria Cæsarissa	[illegible], Wife to *Cæsar*, an Italian Lord (only mentioned, but appears not.)
Sebastus	The Husband of *Xene*, the Widdow of *Manuel*; who by debauching the Emperor's Youth, had got the management of Affairs.
Andronicus Comnenius	A Prince of the bloud; baniſht by *Manuel*; but being call'd home to counterpoiſe *Sebaſtus*, uſurps upon *Alexius*; murders him, and marries *Anna*.
Manuel	His Son.
Conto	Admiral of the Gallies.
Conſtantinus *Ducas* *Lapardas*	Lords of the beſt extraction.
Stephanus *Baſilius*	Captain of the Guard to *Alexius*: And afterwards to *Andronicus*. Preſident of the City. Both Confidents to *Andronicus*.
Mamalus	Secretary of State during the time of *Manuel*; laid by by *Sebaſtus*.
Philo.	*Andronicus*'s Zany.
Iſaacius Angelus	A Gentleman of the bloud, a far off, but living obſcurely in a Monaſtery, not taken notice of by *Andronicus*; but (the reſt of the bloud being deſtroy'd) he is in a Tumult ſet up againſt *Andronicus*, and carries th Empire.

All of them, together wth *Maria* & *Baſilius* a Biſhop often mentioned, but appears not, of the Conſpiracy to bring in *Andronicus*.

Citizens. *Servants.*
Guards. *Fiddlers.*

The Scene,

CONSTANTINOPLE.

ANDRONICUS COMNENUS.

A Tragedy.

ACT. I. SCE. I.

Enter ——— *Lapardas. Ducas.*

Du. Is ſtrange! and were't not for that ready faith
I owe your Lordſhip, I had ſooner taken
Another Article to my Creed: — A Woman?
And yet ſo large a ſoul — your Lordſhip's merry.

La. Troth no, ſhe fixt me *Du.* — when I ſaw
How ſhe firſt took the queſtion; ſtated it;
Ran the whole matter; and where danger offer'd,
Paſt it with ſuch a careleſs ſcorn — Believe me
It made me wonder into what narrow crany
My ſoul had crept; ———

Du. You've ſuch a knack at ſpeeching;
You either find um good, or make um ſo;
Rack me no longer (deareſt Sir) let's have it:

La. And willingly — we met — you know the place;
Nor was th' appearance ſmall; And as in Councils,
There never was a fool (at leaſt, that would
Be thought ſo) Ev'ry man let fly his bolt;
One offer'd this; Another, that; The point,
Was common danger; All agreed the thing,
But few, the way of helping it; that plague,
And miſchief of great actions (Let's do better)

Had ſounding'd their ſouls; until *Marie*
Sum'd up their little all — Told 'um, th'ad loſt
The queſtion; and 'twas not their wel-being,
But being, was the point; not what *Greece* ſhould be,
But whoſe it was — and when they threw in doubts;
That thou hadſt ſeen her how ſhe blew 'um off;
Snufft at their ſcruples — and is this (quoth ſhe)
The Lion in the way? Can danger baulk
Men once reſolv'd? — Be that Bugbear mine;
I dare encounter it, and act, what e're
You all dare think. ——

Du. 'Twas a brave *Virago*;
A wonder of her Sex! A Phœnix ſure!

La. I: you'd have ſworn it, had you heard that world,
Of which, this is but an imperfect Globe;
A wrong ſide of the hangings. ——

Du. But my Lord,
How was it reliſh'd? Did not their ſeats grow warm?

La. No — But they all look't wiſtly one on t'other,
As who would ſay, 'twas true enough, but yet
Some paſſages might have been well forborn:

Du. What was the iſſue? ——

La. Why, — they all ſhook hands,
And by a general vote, center'd in this;
That men, and monies muſt be rais'd, to break
The preſent faction; and themſelves would do't:
Next, that *Andronicus* be invited home,
To head the forces; which, *Marie* pray'd
Might be her part o'th' work; which once agreed,
Sooner than thought they fell into their gears,
Each man ſubſcrib'd his task, gave order ſtreight
For her inſtructions, and have ſince diſpatcht her:

Du. But no account as yet? ——

La. Not poſſible:
'Tis ſcarce 2 months ſince ſhe departed hence,
And we forbad all Packets; But, this night
She is expected: — Good my Lord be there;
Your Proxy'll ſerve no longer; I have told 'um

Your

Your Gout is over.

Du. I shall my Lord: my fate
Runs hand in hand with yours: **Enter** *Manalus.*
But see! who's coming yonder? I'm mistaken
Or 'tis *Manalus* — He was an honest Courtier,
And our true friend — why should not he make one?

La. He is best able; All the affairs of Greece
Have past his hand, and with no ill success:

Du. Let's try — my Honour for his secresie.

La. With all my heart: — see — he comes up to you.

Du. Manalus! save you; — 'Tis an age, or better,
Since we last met.

Ma. The loss (my Lords) was mine:

La. But whence our friend? turn'd Courtier agen?
How goes all there?

Ma. Troth I've scarce seen the place,
Since my great Lord, and master, *Manuel* dy'd;
I can not fawn, nor truckle.

La. Pettish I warrant! — I'm asham'd, *Manalus*,
Is it a Courtiers part to shew his teeth,
Before he bite? to breath a pityful revenge,
E're he have power to act — No, — great mens injuries,
Are best remedy'd, by not understanding 'um,
Or seeming t'ave forgot 'um, whereas otherwise,
Y'are sure to be prevented with a greater;
Have a good heart: — I not forbid thee strike,
But do it sure.

Ma. Your Lordship's wide o'th' mark;
Yet since you name the Court, when were you there?

Du. Troth we come there, and that is all: we're grown,
Barely spectators; idle lookers on:
Sometimes perhaps, out of a Complement,
To countenance a buisness, or conceal;
We're call'd to Council too:

La. And what of that?
Matters of consequence, we must not know,
Nor is it out of love to us, but fear,

Of what may follow, that we've kept our heads.

Ma. And can you blame me then, that have no ſtake,
If I ſit out, when you that have the greateſt,
Have ſuch ill carding? ——

Du. Break his neck that packt 'um;
Come, —— joyn with us —— Shuffle, and cut again.

Ma. I am no Conjurer; your Lordſhip muſt
Speak plainer, e're I underſtand you right.

La. Give us thy hand, and word for ſecreſie.

Ma. You have 'um both. ——

La. Then to be ſhort, w'are loſt;
And ſo's the Empire —— Now to recover it,
Moſt of the Lords, and Officers of ſtate,
Are joyn'd, Nor want we Men, or Arms, or Money:
Andronicus the head, at leaſt we hope ſo.

Ma. But why my Lords ſuch haſt? Muſt a man Lop
A limb cauſe out of joynt? knock out his brains,
To cure the Head-ach? — what's to be done but once,
Should be conſidered twice: — Mutations
Are ever dangerous, even where the thing
Might have been good, and profitable at firſt;
It being impoſſible to provide againſt
Thoſe inconveniences, we can't foreſee.

La. But there's no other way — Has not *Sebaſtus*
Turn'd us quite Topſy Turvy? — Diſoblig'd;
The Nobles trampl'd under foot the Commons?

Ma. 'Tis granted: — But, why this laſt remedy?
Bear it a little; — Time, many work it off:
Come, come; Cloſe with him: Blow the bladder ſtiff,
And it muſt crack: — By pulling others down,
He has o're built himſelf. —

Du. We've often thought ſo,
But find it otherwiſe. ——

Ma. Admitting yet,
You muſt be changing; how are you ſecure
He that comes next, ſhall not be worſe? — who (Pray)
Shall keep the Keepers? ——

Du. We have order'd that.

Ma. But why *Andronicus* of all the world?
Du. Why? He's a Soldier; and a Prince o' th' blood;
And valiant enough;——
Ma. So much the worse:
What were a vertue in another, in him,
May prove a crime: — He is too near the Crown
Already; and this gives him th' occasion,
Of grasping that, he has so long design'd:
I dare not — Nay, I must not joyn — The wolf,
Shall never have my voice to make him Shepheard;
But yet, to shew your Lordships I'll be secret,
I'll trust you with as much. — You may remember;
My Master banisht him; but why, I'll tell you.
He is a Prince of the most daring soul
Er'e dropt from Heaven; industrious, vigilant,
Kind, affable, magnificent:——
Yet all this good, Nay, all his lusts and passions
Are slaves to his Ambition: Take him there,
Nothing can hold him; Lawes, Religion, All
Sacred, or civil, are no more then — This.
Du. But we'll provide for that: We'll tye him up
Fast under hand, and seal, well-backt with Oaths.
Ma. Tye him with Oaths! — Hah! — You may sooner hold
An angry Lyon, with a clew of thread,
Gyants, with rotten towe. — Th' old Emperor found it;
When having forgiv'n him so oft, he still
Broke out a new; — Swore, and forswore again:
Until necessity made him resolve,
To kill, or banish him: which last took place;
Pray Heaven 't 'as alterd him; — Howe're, let me
Remain your Lordships servant:——
Both. Friend you mean; — farewel: *Exit Mamalus.*
La. Tis time that we went too:
Du. I wait your motion. *Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT. I. SCE. II.

Enter *Sebastius. Constantinus.*

Const. Now good my Lord — 'Has been an antient servant
Unto our Family —— 'Tis the least I can:
Pray let him have it. ——
Seb. How was your Lordship saying?
I did not mind you well — my head's so full: *(scratches)*
Con. O'th' simples *(Aside)* come I beg but seldom;
shall I send him to kiss your hands?
Seb. Matters of State ——
Beat all things out; ——
Con. No — 'tis your oval Crown *Aside*
Lets nothing in. ——
Seb. But good my Lord, what is't?
It must be somewhat more than in my power,
When you're deny'd. ——
Con. Troth 'tis a very nothing.
Seb. Why then — you have it — is your Lordship pleas'd.
Con. Hah! — yours is pleasant; — 'tis a little odd thing.
The *Major-domo* to his Majesty's Bears.
Seb. Certain my Lord it is too mean a place,
And he might find much better —— what is't worth?
Con. not much above a hundred crowns a year,
Besides the blessing that attends an Office.
Seb. Stay! *Major-Domo* — Let me see — I doubt
Somewhat was done in't lately *(scratches)* Oh! I have't.
Alas my Lord 'tis gon; —— dispos'd in troth:
Now I'm so sorry:
Con. But to whom? —— or how?
Seb. Why —— I'm mistaken, or the Emperor gave it
To *(scratches)* an old servant of his Fathers: ——

Con.

Con. Strange!
Eagles do ſeldom ſtoop ſo low: ——
Seb. Then 'twas
My wife; — and like enough it might be ſo.
But there are other things as good, or better,
And might be found if men were diligent.
Truſt me I am ſo vext, — I'll tell my Wife
What a diſpleaſure ſhe hath done your Lordſhip. *Exit.*
Con. Your Lordſhip's. — Gon! diſpos'd! — my life this fellow
Would ſell his ſoul, were any man ſo mad
To bid him money for't — Was this a thing
To be believ'd? — the Devil of ſuch a ſervant,
Or Office, I yet ever heard, or dreamt;
But now I ſee, 'tis good to try ones friends,
E're a man needs 'em; — And the ſame have I
The nature of this beaſt — Now is he gone
To hunt a chapman; — but the ſcent (beloved)
Will be cold, e're you light on one — Dull *Greece*!
Where is thy ſoul? What magick? or what fate
Has dampt thy ſpirits? canſt thou live, yet be
Bull'd by this Urchin? Canſt thou breath, yet ſuffer
Such a ſlave ride thee? ſuch a Tinſel bauble!
No — know fond man, though *Greece* be faſt aſleep.
Her *Genius* wakes, nor ſhall thy formal nothing,
Brave it much longer; — dirt thou art, and dirt
Shall be thy laſt, and ſudden too; — 'tis done,
The better half, what is once well begun. *Exit.*

ACT. I. SCE. III.

Enter Philo ſolus with a Letter in his hand.

PH. Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah! To ſee this world!
Luck's all: 'Tis better to be fortunate,

Than

Than be a rich Man's Son: — Hear are boys scrambling;
One gets an Apple, t'other a broken pate.
There's good Luck, and bad Luck:
Yonder a knot of Rogues rebel — the poor ones
Hang for Example; And the great ones are (*Scratches*)
Ev'n what they please — Good luck, and bad luck too.
'Tis now two years since first my Master sent me
To manage his design within this City;
And what have I done there? — Only deserv'd
For to hanged — Many an honester man
Then both, has marcht that way: — But the luck's all:
See! (*shews his letter*) I've receiv'd intelligence from him
That what we have been hammering so long
Is just dropt into's mouth: 'Tis offer'd him:
Here is a kennel of such pretious Curs,
They cannot rule, themselves; and now they Court
The Devil, to part stakes: I hope he will
Remember 'um in time: — Troth they deserve it.
Well: I must to 'um: But to bring me there,
Find out *Maria* — Now the wit of Woman!
— I see they may be trusted with more secrets
Besides their husband's: Though in troth I judge,
T'was the best place to lodge one safe; wise men
Ne're looke for't there: ——————

Enter Manuel *in a disguise.*

——————But what have we got here?
A peice of Poetry in Prose! Hah! Hah!
A small Philosopher, but that he wears
A brawling — I'ron: He walks as if he were
Measuring feet with the *Antipodes*,
Or treading out the Saxon Ordeal;
Sure it would speak — I'll step aside, and see.

Man. Vain state of wretched man, that only knows
What yet he found too soon, his misery:
Where is that happiness Philosophers
So much contend for? I have often met
The name, but ne're the thing: sure 'tis their Stone,
In other words; or having trod that path

So

So long, I must have reach'd my journeys end;
One would have thought, my birth (to say no more)
Had been enough t'ave given me title to't:
But now, I am convinc'd, 'tis but a dream,
An aery fancy; Or if yet there be
More in't, 'tis negative; and to be happy,
Is only not to be miserable.
But what do I thus fondly to complain
In such a common case? Trace far and near
And all alike; no satisfaction.——
Now I see Nature took a fall when young,
She has so limpt e're since: What's all this world,
But several Purlieues of wild Beasts, that walk
On their hin' legs; wherein, not alwaies strength,
But such as have the cleanliest conveyance,
Drive the dull-staring-heard before 'um?
What's all that noise, and cry of publick good,
But a conspiracy of the richer sort,
To grind the poor, and sence themselves with Laws,
To keep that safely, they've unjustly got?
What makes a Traitor, but a ruin'd cause?
Or Hereticks, but being less in number?
Nay, what are even our greater ties become
But Bawds to interest; and specious names,
To cover great mens wrongs? — who then would live
That had but soul enough to die? or be
A Pris'ner, when the keys of his own Prison,
Hang by his side, and may discharge himself?
And so will I (*draws*) 'tis worthy of my blood,
Here (*sets the hilt to ground*) take your vertue back again who gave it,
And by your leave.——
Ph. And mine too if you please.
Man. Still more misfortune!
What art thou? 'Twas rude
To take that from me, which thou darest not give:
Man. *riseth and runs upon t'others point.*

{ Philo *comes from behind the hangings, and trips his Sword away.*

C——

Ph.

Ph. Stand off? [illegible] you [illegible] your fully,
Hold [illegible] (*[illegible]*)
They fight, and [illegible] in the close. Ph. [illegible] him, throws away his sword, and kneels.
My honour'd Lord!
Now shall I bless, on curse my hand?
Man. Be gon,
And tempt thy fate no longer. ——
Ph. My best Lord,
Yet hear me speak. ——
Man. Rise and be sudden then.
Ph. I shall (*[illegible]*) and since this combat of your passions
May've checkt each other; give your reason time
To breath a while; consider what you're doing:
It is an injury to your self, and nature:
Nature preserves it self, and taught not this;
Nor promis'd any by Privation, Bliss.
Man. Injurious to my self? it cannot be:
I'm willing; injury supposes force:
Nor yet 'gainst nature: for then surely they
Whom no Religion aw'd (as having't not)
Had never us'd, at least affected it;
Then take your Argument, or tell me why
Nature yet left it in our power to dye?
Ph. She could not help it; to have made a man,
And yet deny'd him liberty of will,
Had been t'aye given him wings, and clipt 'um too.
Yet take't with its restriction, she ne're meant
Because you might, you should destroy your self;
If all should do the same, where were the world?
Man. What's that to me? would the whole world lay here; *claps his hand upon his heart.*
And I'd soon 'solve the question. ——
Ph. Yet shew me
Some late example of this kind; this humor
Has worm'd it self quite out of date. ——
Man. Disuse,
is a poor Argument —— Let Children fear

To

To sit alone, because their candle's out,
It is enough to me, there is yet left
This remedy, and triumph over Fortune;
Begon.

Ph. I must not; 'tis now worth your self
To dare to live; who ever sunk his ship
Because he fear'd a storm might do it for him?
Or kill'd himself to save his enemy pains?
Life is a warfare; and who quits the field
Without a lawful Pass-port, runs away.

Man. And so do thou; and quickly — or by this

Man. Shakes his sword at him.

I shall too soon confute your Argument.

Ph. What will your noble Father say?

Man. Ha! -- Father!
There's magick in the word; 't as chill'd my blood
Into a Palsy — Hence — I dare not trust
My resolution, nor thy rattle, longer;

Ph. How will he bear 't I say, when he shall hear
His son thus sacrific'd to his Return?

Man. Return! --- there's witchcraft in thy breath
Begon;
And stagger me no longer with false hopes;

Ph. Credit me once, --- By all that's Great, or Good:
He's now in *Greece*, nay, near this City too.

Man. Shall I believe thee? --- no --- it must not be;
Somewhat within me whispers, 'tis not so.
Yet say he were. --- He has believ'd me lost
These many years; and why should I now add
New sorrows to my self, or him; to see him
And yet want power to help him?

Ph. Fear not that,
You have; I'll chalk you out the way: And if
You see him not e're many hours shall pass,
As glorious as the Sun broke through a cloud;
Then let that mischief you design'd your self,
Fall headlong upon me.

Man. Well — for a while

I'll give thee hearing ——— *Sheaths his Sword.*
Take up that ——— and help me
To put it on again ——— so ——— so ——— 'Tis well.

Ph. takes up his grey peruwick, and helps him on his hangain. *Exeunt.*

ACT. I. SCE. IV.

Enter Constantinus, Stephanus, Basilius.

Bas. 'Twas a good humour ———
Const. Good! I'll undertake
You shall not think that thing, he shall not swallow.
Bas. 'Tis such a sketch intelligible Asal
Ste. And may become a Fair a twelve month hence ———
Const. A dainty fine new-nothing! ——— an odd Scheme
Of knave, and fool: where yet, the fool's Ascendent,
And Lords the Horoscope; too much the fool,
to conceal handsomely the knave; and yet
Not knave enough, to act the cunning fool:
I shall forbear a farther Lecture on him,
I'm sure he'll stink, e're I get half way through him.
Ste. I would he knew how well his friends thought of him; *To them Conto, Lapardas, Ducas.*
Bas. See! here are more of 'um ———
Const. My Lords, all health: ——— *They salute each other.*
What say you?
Shall we fall to our business?
Cont. When you please. *They take their seats.*
Const. You know my Lords what we resolv'd on last;
Have you received any account as yet?
Is our *Maria* safe, or the work done?
Cont. She is returned this night, and sent me word
She would be here: But what is done I know not.
Ste. 'Tis a brave Lady: Troth I half despair'd
T'have heard of her so soon: ———

Cont.

Cont. Pray Heaven it ben't
Too soon to all our Costs?
Your Lorships knows, he is ambitious. ——
Const. And who is not, pray?
It is the spur of every generous soul;
And were not you the same, what make you here?
Du. But 't had been prudence t'ave secur'd our selves:
Const. I hope there's no such need —— Here comes a Lady *Enter* Maria *led by Philo.*
Will quickly end the difference —— Let's go meet her;
They all rise and go to meet her. *Exit* Philo.
Madam —— you're well return'd —— and yet, not I,
But *Greece*, must speak it;
Omnes. Royal *Maria* welcome. *They all kiss her hand.*
Mar. My Lords and Gentlemen I thank you:
And am sufficiently repay'd my pains
In your acceptance; please you keep your seats,
And I'll acquaint you what I've done.
Const. Blest Madam;
Our life, and death, hang on your lips; —— And yet,
Me thinks that face speaks a good Augury,
Mar. Then know my Lords ——
I have dispatcht your message, and here bring you
All you could ask, or think —— the Sea prov'd calm,
The willing winds smil'd on the enterprise,
And left me not till I had reach'd *Oneum*;
Where I soon found *Andronicus* (his fame
Needed no guides) But, in that blest retirement,
That all those things which we call happiness,
Might have took copy from't, but still come short.
Not to amuse you longer, I presented
Your Letters, and he read 'um o're; but when
He saw the business; troth he wept, and wisht
It had been in his power to have comply'd;
But he was old, and had given o're the world
To younger men, And his ambition now,
Was for a better: yet he sight, and wept,
And wept, and sight; and sight, and wept again:
And thus he kept me many daies, yet still I

I preſt him forward, told him, *Greece* was ſunk,
Unleſs he buoy'd it up; That the Court had
More factions, then Lords; the Commons preſt;
The Empire ſhatter'd; nothing could reſtore't,
But his laſt hand: beſeech him to forget
His baniſhment, and him that laid it on:
At length he paws'd, and pawing, aſkt me how
It could be done; he was but one, and Arms,
Not lazie wiſhes, muſt accompliſh it:
On which I ſhew'd him all the whole deſign,
The perſons names, what force we had already;
And what expected to be hir'd from thence;
Well, to be ſhort, I did at laſt prevail,
And with his help, procur'd 5000 Foot,
Yet left him not, till I had ſeen all ſhipt,
And ſafe amidſt our fleet, where he now rides,
Before the City, and reſolves to land,
This very night, and ſack her round e're morn:
'Tis more than time my Lords that you were gon;
There's one came with me has your Orders ready.

Conto. But what conditions has he ſign'd.

Mar. Much more — *He threw down a blank.*
Than you deſir'd — he bid you write your own,
And he hath ſworn religiouſly to obſerve um.

Cont. What's here! a blank? 'Tis what I thought; has
To nothing, and nothing he'll perform: would I, (Sworn
were fairly rid on't.

La. So would I.

Du. And I;

Lap. We're fool'd ſo prettily;

Cont. Or we may in time.

Cont. Lap. Ducas, riſe, walk, and whiſper.

Baſ. Did ever man confound a buſineſs ſo?
My ſoul! we're loſt — we ſhall be all diſcover'd:

Ste. I know not what their fear may do: 'twere beſt
To knock um i'th head, and give it out
The Soldiers did it; if our buſineſs thrive,
We're well enough; if not, we ſave our ſelves,
The dead can tell no tales.

Baſ.

Bas. 'Twer not amiss:
What saies my Lord?——
Const. Lets hear 'um once agon;
And royal Madam see what you can do.
Mar. Well my good Lords; What would you now be at?
Are you resolv'd as yet?——
Cont. Why— we'll consider't; *They offer to go out,*
And send you back our answer.— *Maria stops 'um.*
Mar. How's this? consider?—Is't your fear, or Fate?
Blisters of Greatness, Whom the stupid Age
Dull as your selves,—*calls* Lords? What prompts you this
Irresolution? You all confess,
The Empire flames, and your selves must burn with it;
And yet (forsooth) you first strein curtesie
Who shall begin, or which the way to quench it:
Nor is that block sooner remov'd, but that
You stumble on another, and then too
When one would think you had been all resolv'd;
You must be now secure! Call you this Lording?
I shame to hear't; And, but my sex forbids,
I should suspect your Mothers.—Was't for this
My glorious Father made all *Asia* bow,
Confess his Empire, And had nature pleas'd,
Shak't all the world—At least, brought to'ther Eagle
Back to her nest again? Was it for this?
For this, I say, your famous Ansires spred
Their flying Banners, far as earth had shore,
Only to leave the empty fame to you;
Away—Agree: Occasion calls you forth,
Shew whose you are, and justifie your Mothers:
Const. 'Tis a brave mettled *Amazon.*— *Conto: Lap: Ducas walk up & down biting their lips.*
Ste. Y' faith
She nettles 'um:——
Mar. For shame my Lords, resolve
Time runs away; 'Tis execution
Makes counsels walk invisible, And like arrows,
Out run the eye, and hit the mark e're seen.
What is't you fear? If't be *Andronicus*,

You

You have his Honour, and his Oath engag'd;
Or if *Sebastus*? fancy not to meet,
Augustus's Arts, not yet *Tiberius*'s cunning;
No, no; he's nothing but a thick scul'd *Stallion*,
A very sot; And such a sniveling coward;
'Tis favour to call him so:-Then courage Lords;
Challenge your birth-right; be no more tame fools,
Dull heavy beasts, so jaded from your spirits,
That Honour cannot spur you up; Come; Come;
Mind what you should:— 'Tis now too late t'advise,
For *Greece*, at present, wants more hands, than eyes.

Conto. Why, I still meant it:

Ed. We'd as good be lost
In going through, as lose our heads for nothing.

Du. Nay i'll do what you will: what you resolve
To do, do quickly.——

Mar. Now you speak like men.——
Come my Lords — All's well again — And for any thing
that remains, we shall better order it within. *Exeunt.*

ACT. I. SCE. V.

Enter Andronicus *solus.*

THus far 'tis well, and I return'd again,
To thank thee *Greece*; nor have thy wrongs been
On barren ground, but such as shall repay. (sown
The principal, with its forbearance too:
I am a Prince; who dares deny't; He breathes
His last, that answers no: He damns his soul
In that one negative: There's but a step
'Twixt me, and the imperial Crown: — Nor should
That coward wear't, that dares not venture for't:
Was this the reason, my blind Mistris, that
You strook at me? That thus you deal with all,
Fortune (like butchers) makes the fairest fall:
But stay——I'me still upon my feet, and will

Keep

Keep up my chin in ſpight of her; if ſhe
Will not aſſiſt, the world ſhall know I can
Do it without her help; nor ſhall ſhe ſhare,
A doit i'th' praiſe, when I arriv'd at top,
Thus — graſp my wiſh; — Yet ſay I were as flat
As ſhe could lay me; at the loweſt Ebb;
I would not yet give out; 'twere poor to fear,
Who is paſt hope, he ſhould be paſt diſpair:
I'll run the hazard then, and if I fall,
What in me lies, I'll pluck all after me;
Nor leave behind me ſuch a one that ſhall
So much as mutter't — No — my very name
Shall fright the world — And make future times
Fondly attempt my Hiſtory, but not reach it.
Who follow, tead where men have trod before;
Who is example, muſt be ſome thing more. (*Exit.*)

ACT. II. SCE. I.

Alarums as at the Sack of a Town: Shouts within — Enter Sebaſtus *as in a fright.*

Seb. Undon, undon: — That ever Man ſhould be
Loſt e're he dream't it — Whither ſhall I run
To hide my ſelf? *Shout.* — Hark — They've won the City.
Enter *Alexius and Anna.*
Alex. What ſudden noyſe is this? ———
Seb. I cannot tell.
Anna Who ſhould tell then? ———
Seb, They ſay *Andronicus*
Has landed 30000 Horſe and Foot.
And is now ſtorming of the City. (to this:
Anna One would have thought you ſhould have lookt
Seb. Who would imagin Baniſhment a place
To raiſe an Army? Or ſuſpect the Fleet?
Alex. No doubt but he's well backt by ſome at home:

Anna. Too true I fear me:
Seb. Wil't pleaſe your Majeſty to get away,
E're't be too late? ———
Alex. No — I have done no wrong,
Unleſs to wear a Crown may be call'd ſuch.
Seb. You will do well enough, who ever ſuffer. (*To Anna*
Pray think on me:
Anna. Yes -- I'll remember you,
And if my word will do't ———
Seb. Do't without doubt. (thy Sword,
Anna I'll have thee hang'd: — Thou coward — Take
And if thou canſt not find a man, that loves thee
So well, as to dye by thy ſide; yet go,
And thruſt thy ſelf amid'ſt thy thickeſt foes;
It may deceive the world; thy life's not worth
His pains, that takes it from thee. ———
Alarum —— Shouts.
Seb. Hark! again!
The Palace is beſet---I've but one ſhift,
And if that fail me then good night to all.
Enter *Andronicus as giving order to ſome within*
And. See that the Soldiers make no outrages
Upon the Palace; there are Frankes enough
Within the City, and good pillage too:
Set your guards round; beſure no great ones ſcape;
And if you take *Sebaſtus*, bore his eyes out;
But ſee — The Emperor — I muſt to him — Heaven
(*Goes up to him; and kneels and kiſſeth his feet*)
Preſerve your Majeſty, and confound your foes.
Alex. Couſin you're well return'd; and might have been
As welcome with fewer followers: however; riſe:
Give me thy hand, and unto Heaven thy knee.
And Next that, unto my Prince: and do not think
He riſeth.
Deard Soveraign, that I intend you hurt
Although I knockt thus rudly; all my aim
Was to remove your wardſhip, and I've don't.
And now you're free: free, as the air you breath:

Make

Make the experiment; and if you doubt my faith,
Bid me return to banishment — I'm gon:
An. I know not why, But I don't like his looks. (*Aside.*
Alex. Cousin I thank you; and believe you too:
The Helm requires your help:— I cannot trust it
Into a better hand — But pray forget,
Those injuries, my Father put upon you:
I am no otherwise entitled to 'um,
Than as I am his Son. ——
And. Had they been more,
I could have past 'um all, yet never cancel'd
That double tye of loyalty, and blood:
'Twas not his fault, but my unlucky fate,
To have my love misconstru'd; Not the burthen
That greiv'd me, but the hand; not banishment,
But that 'twas caus'd by him --- However let
Revenge sleep with his ashes; I will pay
All mine in service to your Majesty;
And to that end have I embark'd at present:
Alex. Pray let me see you often :— Farewel :
(*Exeunt Alex. Anna*)
An. All happiness attend your Majesties.
Yes — you shall see me; I, and feel me too
E're you're much elder ----- Th'ast a double crime,
First that th'art Emperor; next, that *Manuel* gat thee;
Curst *Manuel*! would thou liv'dst; I'de make the feel
The weight of my Revenge; I scorn to raze
Thy monument, or to ungrave thy dust;
I rather wish the rest of all my foes
Entomb'd as fairly --- But thy Son, thy Wife,
Thy friends, or whatsoever may prop either,
I will destroy — And make this Boy to know,
They're Children, trust a reconciled foe. Enter *Philo.*
How now! what news? have you dispos'd the Army
Into good quarters? Are the Lords well pleas'd?
Phil. Yes, as success can make 'um; and the People
Call you the publick Father --- Scarce a house
Without its bon-fire : ——

An. Then the ground-work's laid:
But prithee tell me (for I muſt acknowledge
Thy management) how gat you this odd rabble?
Their tempers are more different than their faces:
'Twould puzle the Devil to ſuit 'um into pairs.
Phil. Oh Sir! I've t'ane more ſhapes than *Proteus* knew:
Been every thing, to every man; divided,
And ſubdivided 'um again: moſt men
Have their blind ſides; But theſe, are blind on both.
An. But how didſt pick 'um out? ———
Phil. He that will make
Ought of the huſband muſt begin with th'wife:
I've dealt 'twixt bark and tree; Turn'd Confeſſor,
And now and then held forth; Talkt of ingoings,
And of outgoings, So thin and bodyleſs,
That I was forc'd t'aſſign ſix or ſeven marks,
To know it by, Twelve conſequent effects,
Nineteen perſwaſions; Beſides, waies to get it,
Innumerable. ———
An. You are merry *Philo*!
I fain would give my ſelf the looſe -- Proceed.
Phil. And ſince your highneſs gives me leave, I ſhall
Set out my Cattle. ——
I've one (but he's a ſcabbed ſheep) a Taylor;
And he's been ſtudying theſe twenty years
A Querpo cut of Government: I told him
Twas ſpecial good, and muſt be well receiv'd:
Another, A Philoſoper by fire,
And he has broke his brains to find the powder,
To cleanſe Houſes-of-office without ſtinking;
And him, I have poſſeſt 'tis the firſt ſtep
To the Philoſophers ſtone; too great a thing
For any private man; however he
Should (as the firſt Inventor) have the Patent;
T'other a one-ey'd Cobler; Him I humour'd
As a fit inſtrument to ſtitch a hole
Ith Common Wealth; when in a trice he threw
His wax to th' Devil, and his Awl to's Dam:

T'other

T'other a Meal-man; And he was for ſifting
The flower of pure doctrine, from the bran
Of ſuperſtition; which his neighbour Baker,
Like't well, and cry'd, he'd leave the Leaven out:
There's ſcarce a trade of which I have not one;
And to keep all together, I've a ſmal *Levite*;
He does ſo tew the Pope; That man of ſin,
The Whore of *Babylon*; and when he takes a run
'Gainſt ſence, and Antichriſt, the Clock can't ſtop him.
An. 'Tis ſuch a rope of ſand! Howe're they have
Done their work well enough. ——————
Phil. And are apt matter
Ready diſpos'd for what you'd have 'um next.
And. But what was he that ſkuttled by my ſide
As I came in: He went as if his head
Would run away with's ſhoulders? ——————
Phil. Can you blame
A Bowl to wabble that hath loſt its bias?
He's been an old State-martyr. ——————
And. I remember him;
He was a Scribler in the old Emperor's daies.
Phil. And has done ſpecial ſervice for your Highneſs;
Not that he loves you more than him, but hates
Whatever's uppermoſt. ——————
And. Then 'twere beſt hang him,
To pleaſe the people. ——————
Phil. You may do what you will,
'Tis but a halter loſt. ——————
And. But what was he
(Don't you remember him) that led the Van,
And ſtorm'd the Cittadell? I ſaw it all:
Thrice he came on, and thrice beat back again;
But (as a happy Omen to my cauſe)
Brought off th' Emperial Eagle in his hand;
Rally'd his men upon the ſpot again,
Mounted the walls afreſh, and leapt among 'um:
And as you've ſeen a flock of ſheep, when one
Breaks through the hedge, the reſt ſtreight follow him:

So here; his Soldiers, as asham'd to see
One single man give battel to the Empire,
Leapt after him, and (while you'd say, what's this?)
Carry'd the place — Canst tell me what he was?
Phil. Yes, he's a Gentleman of noble blood;
And if your Highness please to ratifie
What I have done, the Regiment is his.
And. With all my heart, and thank him too — Where (is he?
Phil. Here in the Palace Sir. ——
And. Go fetch him to me.
Phil. I shall: —— *Exit Philo.*
And. This single soul is worth two Empires:
Just such another had my *Manuel* been,
But that he fell too soon: —— For all the rest,
How I could hate 'um? —— What's the best of men?
That he must be beholding to such slaves:
But, it must be — I have a greater work
For 'um to do; over their shoulders, I
Must climb th' Emperial Throne; No matter how:
He that attempts a wickedness, must lay
Thorough a greater wickedness his way:
Sin, sin must hide; Thus Architects do roul
Stone, upon stone, and so cement the whole:
I have my Agents, that shall buz the people,
How fit it is *Alexius* youth should have
One that may help, and share in Government;
And whom more fit than I, whom every mouth
Terms the preserver of their liberty:
Nor shall they want rewards — Tush, 'tis but lent;
I can as easie pluck it back, as squeeze
A sponge that's full: One need not far to find
A staff to beat a dog; nor circumstance,
To make him guilty, that's before foredoom'd;
Thus when they've done I'll throw the rod i'th' fire;
And break the ladder when 't 'as rais'd me higher;
Enter Philo conducting Manuel.
Now thou hast brought me something — How he looks!

As

As he would ſhake the world ---- you're welcome Sir:
I have ſent for you; firſt to acknowledge, next,
To thank your valour: ——
Man. 'Twas my duty Sir.
And. Call't what you will, I do aſſure you thus {*hugs him.*
I cheriſh it -- And now, to let you know
How I can value vertue where I find it;
I ratifie whatever *Philo* promis'd:
I've a ſtrange curdling in my blood; what ails me? (*aſide*)
Man. I thank your Highneſs. ——
Phil. So do I; you never
Could have beſtow'd it better. (*Philo plucks off*
And. Hah! what's this? *Manuels diſguiſe*)
Some Devil has aſſum'd my *Manuel's* ſhape,
To vex my ſoul -- But I ſhall conjure him, (*draws*)
And blow this thickned cloud to Air again. (*Man. kneels*)
Man. Your bleſſing Royal Sir ---- forbear a while:
I am your Son, your *Manuel*; not ſlain
As was ſuppoſed. ——
And. Stand up and let me feel thee: (*And. feels him*)
'Tis fleſh, and warm -- And now, I own thee too:
Welcome my *Manuel* to thy Father, welcome:
Let me embrace my Son —— Me thinks I'm young,
And have ſnatcht forty years from time; my blood
Beats high, and ſtrong again --- But prithee tell me;
Twenty at leaſt have ſworn they ſaw thee fall,
But (like thy ſelf) oppreſt, not overcome.
Man. How 'twas I fell I know not, but next day
A Country man ſearching to find his Son
Among the dead, found me (almoſt one wound)
But yet not breathleſs, and in charity
Convey'd me to his houſe, and us'd me ſo,
As he had known whom 'twas he entertain'd;
And that I am (next Heaven) I ow't to him.
And. Philo, take care 2000 Crowns be ſent him;
And my faith too, to his next wiſh:
He was an honeſt man;
Phil. It ſhall be done my Lord. ——

And.

And. Come *Manuel*; — I'me but too happy now: — Some little miſchief
To turn this Tide; Leſt ſwelling up, it tear
Its banks, & drown, what it but thought to cheat. *Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCE. II.

Enter *Mamalus Solus.*

MAn, Unhappie *Greece*; or more unhappie me,
That live to ſee this day; How is thy ſword
Turn'd on thy ſelf? and thine old foe invited
Unto the Funeral of thy liberty?
Pray Heaven my Augury prove falſe; but yet
Me thinks I ſee a cloud hang o're thy head,
And I'm afraid, will break too ſoon — That State
Is paſt its Zenith, that ne're learns to do,
But by undoing; and that ne're ſees order,
But where diſorder ſhews it; ſome curſt ſtar
Has fir'd the people, and our ſeditious Peers,
Bring fuel to't; if one ſhould ask 'um now
What they would have? not one of um can tell;
But praiſe thoſe times of old, they only hear'd of;
And damn the preſent; though they neither know,
What's the diſeaſe, nor yet the remedy;
And now, *Andronicus* is the great Idoll,
The Father of his Country, and what not?
A man may ſafer ſpeak 'gainſt Heaven, than him;
Him, whom laſt year they curſt, and ten to one
Will do't agen before the next be paſt:
Nor will he loſe his time, he knows they're clay,
And may be moulded to what ſhape he pleaſes:
The people is a skittiſh beaſt, and muſt
Be ſmooth'd, and ſtroak'd, till he get into th' ſaddle:
He's at it now; but if he once get there,
(Which Heaven forbid) they'l find both ſwitch and ſpur:

His

His age, has more of fire, than *Phaethon*'s youth;
He knows no mean; but as his soul is large,
So is his courage; Think, and act, to him
Are the same things, only remov'd in time;
He's not like others; He was born to rule
Within an empty sphear, for such he'll make it;
And Christen that solitude, with the name of Peace;

Enter Conto *leading* Maria: *Constantinus, Ducas, Lapardus.*

Other, they're like t'ave none; — But see! my friends
That brought him in; My life they rue it first.

Omnes. Mamalus In — well met;

Mam. Your Lordships; servant. *They salute.*

Mar. And now my Lords will you believe me next?
Is not *Andronicus* the same I promist?

Const. Yes troth he is; And praise can add as little
Unto him, as detraction take from him.

Conto But yet it does no hurt to talk a little;
One may observe, more than another does:
It did me good to see how he receiv'd us;
Manag'd the storm, and when that brush was over,
How he embrac't us with the same even temper,
As though he had not been concern'd at all:
Certain he must be wise; ———

Map. His long experience ———
Must doe't, if yet, it had not found him so.

Du. And for his Valor, ask the meanest Soldier,
And he will swear, it was his great example
Put courage in 'um all; and like the soul,
Did actuate the whole, and every part.

Conto Most strangely liberal — Has giv'n the Fleet
Ten thousand Crowns, besides what other presents
Has made to th' Officers — What pitty 'tis
The Empire lost so brave a man so long;
Or since it has him now, age creeps upon him.

Mar The greater is his glory: Had he been young,
It had not been so much; though yet he has
Out stript what ever I or heard, or read:

I'll vie his Autumn, with the pride of spring.

Const. But hark you Gentlemen; you do not consider
How much work's yet to do — The Councel waits us:
Will't please your Highness walk? ———

Mar. Lead on my Lord; { *Exeunt Const.*
The Duke, and I will follow. { *Conte. Maria.*
Manent Lepardus & Mamalus.

Lap. Now my good friend
That are so costive of your faith!--How think you?
Is not *Andronicus* a Gallant person?

Mam. You know I told it you, and only doubted
How long 'twas possible to keep him so;
Then are you safe, and only then, when 'tis not
Within his power, to hurt you if he would:
I hope you've ty'd him up by hand and seal,
Though you have done no more; ———

Lap. It needed not;
We have his Honor, and his Oath engag'd:

Mam. To what? ———

Du. Wee'll tell you that, another time;

Mam. How willingly these Lords would cheat themselves! *Aside*

Lap. Me thought you said he was ambitious,
But I'll be sworn he is the humblest man,
I ever met with. ———

Mam. And that may be pride
For ought we know — Who was the prouder pray
Diogenes, that spurn'd at every thing,
Or *Alexander*, that sate out at nothing?
'Tis dangerous; There is a rule in Ethicks,
That pride, which riseth from humility,
Is hardest cur'd; because the vice is grounded
Upon the vertue, and the sin, built on
That, that should be the cure. ———

Lap. What should one talk
To make an infidel a Proselite:
Farewel. — *Du.* — Farewel. ———

Mam. My noble Lords your servant.

(*Exeunt: by several waies*) ACT.

ACT. II. SCE. III.

Enter *Andronicus, and Phile.*

And. But did they relish it? ——
Phil. 'Twas not dislikt,
Nor much approv'd: But yet they drank your health,
And swore you were the best, and bravest Prince
That *Greece* e're bred; — I only threw it out
As 'twere by chance, then catcht it back again
To make 'um follow it; — What in the Lump
Would fright, by piece-meal giv'n, goes easy down.
And. It was discreetly mannag'd; you must ply 'um,
For fear it cool. ——
Phil. I warrant you 'tis don:
The women are all agogge; they would fain see
Another shew; Besides, I've promist 'um,
One's husband shall be this, and t'others that:
Let it ferment a while, 'twill do it self.
And. I like it well, leave me; and tell *Basilius*
And *Stephanus*, that I expect 'um hear; *Exit Phile.*
An. What's the best workman without tools? I think
I am fitted pretty well; The Fleet mine own,
In spight of *Conto*; and the fool dreams it not:
The City sure upon *Basilius*'s score;
The guards on *Stephanus* account; The Army,
Upon my own: He that can lose this game,
(By my consent) should never play another:
And why should I suspect my fortune then?
Who courts her, loses her; she is a whore,
And must be rumbled; so will I; she never
Coy'd it to him, that boldly offer'd at her:
I'll forward then; But as men get up stairs;
Step, after Step; 'tis somewhat long, but sure;
He that will get thorough a croud, he must

First wedge an elbow, then a ſhoulder in,
And preſs on ſtill, till the whole body follow;
I muſt court every thing, ſubmit to all;
Tye up my ſelf; yet what of that? A Lion,
Is ſtill a Lion, though his claws be par'd?
They'll grow again; he that doth otherwiſe,
Falls foul of that odd ſoleciſm of power,
To will the end, yet not the means endure.
Wellcome my friends, for that, & nothing elſe
Muſt be the name hereafter: 'Tis we three
Muſt make a new Triumvirate, and ſhare
Greece, and her glory; and throw in the world,
As over weight. ---- What is't you may not have
As cheap, as aſke? But give your ſelves the trouble
To wiſh, and 'tis your own ---- Is it eſtate?
The Empire, and her wealth, lye at your feet;
Is it command? the Provinces are yours:
Is it revenge? mark out your head, and have it;
Would you a beauty? 'twill be offer'd you;
Wives, by their Huſband; Daughters, by their Mothers:
And to compleat all this, would you have honour?
I am your ſervant; only, mind your ſelves;
What ſay' my noble friends? ——

Enter to him Baſ. & Steph.

Ste. 'Tis ſeal'd, and done:
Nor ſhall the fate, or fortune of the Empire
Stave it off longer. ——

Baſ. I have giv'n my hand;
Nor would I pluck it back, to ſave my head;
Nay, though the Univerſe depended on't: (men reſolve
And. Spoke like your ſelves my friends: (*hugs 'um*) Thus
Nothing remains, but that we deal like friends;
That's free, and plainly. ---- Have you diſcours'd the thing
Unto your Couſin *Baſilius*? what ſaies he?

Baſ. Yes; --- and 'twill do: --- But heere's a Gentleman
Will ſcarce believ't. ——

And. And why my *Stephanus*?

Ste. Pox ot heſe holy cheats --- He hum'd, and haw'd;
Told me a ſleeveleſs ſtory; could not tell

What God might ſuffer; and I know not what,
Of diſpenſations, and providence;
Pleaded his holy function; but at laſt,
Promis'd neutrality, and ſecrecy:
And. Oh! then he's ſure enough. ——
Baſ. My life for yours,
Do you but make it Law, he'll make it Goſpel?
Ste. Nay, there's no doubt, he can: ——
Baſ. Truſt me for him,
The thing is now a brewing; But great deſigns,
Are like great wheels, if once they move too faſt,
'Tis odds, they fire themſelves; -- Beſides, the people,
Muſt not be rid too hard; They travel beſt (get it
When they play with the bit i' their mouths; if once they
Between their teeth, 'Twill try your horſemanſhip:
A man muſt deal with them, as we break horſes,
Shew 'um the ſaddle firſt; then let 'um ſmel't;
Lay it i'th' manger, ſet it on their backs;
Your foot i'th' ſtirrop; let 'um feell your weight,
Once, and agen; and as you find 'um coming,
Fall gently into th' ſaddle; off again;
And uſe 'um thus but half a dozen times,
They'll take the reſt themſelves. ——
And. He's in the right;
And I had former thoughts, whether were beſt
For my deſign, the People, or the Nobles;
But have reſolv'd upon the firſt: They're won
With half the do, and eaſier kept; engage 'um
Though never ſo implicitly, they drive
Furiouſly on; They're like a Conjurers Devil,
Find 'um but work enough, you need not fear 'um,
Without it, 'ware your ſelf; --- Our firſt work then
Is to divide 'um, and to keep 'um ſo,
Till we be ſafe our ſelves; We muſt have parties,
And Antiparties; Factions, and Antifactions;
Untill they break to nothing; then you'll have 'um
Be glad of any thing: diſ-tune a Viol,
And you may ſet it to what Tone you pleaſe.

Ste. But is't not requisite your Highness were
Of every of 'um? at least underhand;
One would not think what an endearment 'tis
When they believe that he that has the power,
Is theirs, and singly theirs; it girds 'um to you:
And. What saies *Basilius?* ——
Bas. Extreamly good,
Nay, necessary; if the people are mad,
He's madder far, that will not be mad with 'um;
What should a sober man in drunken company
But have his brains knockt out? ——
Ste. Besides, by this
You'll raise a dust before the grand design;
'Tis hard to see the bayt in troubled waters:
And. Now you're my friends I'm sure; I see you love me,
You've advis'd so true and honestly: (*hugs 'um*)
Bas. On my Lord, and trust me for, the City:
Ste. And for the Guards, my self --- I'm sure I can
Form 'um to any thing; nor are they mine,
But to your Highness service. ——
And. My best friends; *Agen.*
Let's keep this knot inviolable; And however
Our present actions may seem flat, and dull,
They'll credit us when they are seen at full.

ACT. II. SCE. IV.

Enter Philo *and* 4 *Cittizens drunk.*

Phil. Troth we were merry --- Is not this better then
Small Beer and Homilies?
1. *Cit.* Yes —— but methinks
I cannot find my feet. ——
2. *Cit.* Nor I my head,
But by the noise in't — Now were I a Schollar
Would I confute Philosophy and prove

The

The world went round. ——————

3. *Cit.* Faith neighbour at this time
I could say somewhat to that point. ——————

4. *Cit.* If so,
It had been roasted to a coal e're now.

Phil. Or raw, or roasted; what is that to us?

1. *Cit.* I, let it round until the spit do crack:
Give me more drink (*knocks*) Sirrah, boy, rogue, more
Enter drawer. (drink;

Draw. Anon, Anon Sir:
Speak in the Mitre *Christopher* —— What lack you Gent?

2. *Cit.* Some drink you rogue—some drink—And d'you hear me?
The best i'the Cellar—We trouble you but seldom.

Draw. Please you to walk up Gentlemen?

3. *Cit.* No we'll take it here.

Draw. I wait upon you presently Gentlemen. (*brosh.*

4. *Cit.* I've drunk enough, but I'll be rul'd: whoop *Anne*
What all-a-mort. —— *Claps him on the shoulder.*

2. *Cit.* I am not satisfy'd,
But as a man would say — how do you? — and so forth.

Phil. Why what's the matter man? Art thou that Greek
That knock'st men under board by scoars, and cry'st
Have y'any more that must be drunkify'd —
Enter Drawer and fils.
Sit out your hand, or hang you — here's this to you.

4. *Cit.* I know what troubles him; The Court is broke,
And most of 'um lye leiger in his book:

Phil. 'Tis not all lost; 'twill serve at last for wast paper;
If that be all, give him his drink ——— filt up.

2. *Cit.* What was't ———

Phil. Andronicus his health ———

2. *Cit.* Away with't. *Leaves some.*

Phil. I must not bare you that ———

4. *Cit.* Come drink it off
He's a brave person ———

2. *Cit.* He's a man indeed,
He paid me honestly — Then down it goes,
If it were a mile to bottom — Here's to thee *Greg:*

3. *Cit.*

3. *Citt.* With all my heart --- He! kept a Princely house! (One might have been drunk in his Cellar with a good conscience --- it cost a man nothing.)

1. *Citt.* The most affable man
I never met; you could not speak to him
But he'd be bare as soon as you. ———

4. *Citt.* He ow'd me
Some moneys at his banishment --- I was paid
And without sending for't: not many Courtiers
Have such good memories. ———

3. *Citt.* A few such men
Would make Tradesman live. --- Bless him say I.

Phil. So; it begins to work: (*Aside*)

Enter two others drunk and singing: Tal La! La! La! La! La! La!
Plague o'these fools *To them, a Fidler*
They'l put it off agen. --- (*Aside*)

Fid. Please you have any musick gentlement?--A dainty fine, merry, new song --- there is none but I and my boy--- Sirrah come forth! Where are you? ---- I have not lost you in the crowd? have I? ———

Enter a tall well set fellow

Phil. A pretty Child---chopper.

1, 2, 3, *Citt.* I, I, Strike up; strike up } *They play*
4, 5, 6. *Citt.* Scrape rogues, scrape.---}

3. *Citt.* But shan't we have a song too?

Omnes I, I, I, I, I.

Fid. A merry drinking song and't like your worships?

Omnes I, I, I. That. That ---- *he sings* --- Fill---Fill up &

Fill: fill up the bowl;
And about let it trowl;
'Tis a magical spell against sorrow,
It makes a man sing,
Hey! derry, derry, ding,
And ne're buse his brains with too morrow.

'Tis the Beggar's ease,
And his charm against the fleas;
It recover's the man that did dwindle:

It makes a ſtiff Gyant
Both active and pliant;
And a cripple turn round like a ſpindle.

It cares not a ſtraw,
For the Juſtice, or his law;
It fears neither ſpies, nor reporters:
It makes all the houſe
Lye as ſnug as a mouſe;
And a petticoate ſleep without Porters.

1. *Citt.* How now Brother ---whence came you?———
6. *Citt.* Even from where it was ---or as a man may ſay,
The more the merryer---we have been drinking
The beſt man's health in Europe.———
3. *Citt.* Then here's to you
The ſecond beſt.———
6. *Citt.* Who's that?
3. *Citt.* *Andronicus.*
6. *Citt.* Twas his I meant.———
5. *Citt.* We cannot hav't too oft.
6. *Citt.* Come then, away with't.--- (*They drink round*
Phil. Now's my only time. (*Aſide.*)
What ſay you Gentlemen? you all confeſs
He is a Noble Perſon.———
Omnes As ever liv'd.
1. *Citt.* Wiſe.
3. *Citt.* Bounteous.
4. *Citt.* Valiant.
2. *Citt.* Every thing
5. *Citt.* And deſerves every thing
6. *Citt.* And would he had every thing.
Phil. Why ſo? I ſee
You're underſtanding men; and may be truſted:
Look over this.——— (*He gives them a long roll.*)
4. *Citt.* Here are a thouſand hands.———
Phil. Yes, ten at leaſt:
I'me ſure 't'as coſt my Lord and me 5 daies (*Aſide.*)

To ſcribble their ugly Fiſts:

2. *Cit.* Let's ſee what is't?

1. *Cit.* (*Reads.*) The humble Petition and Addreſs of the Citizens and Inhabitants of *Conſtantinople* —— Sheweth, *&c.* Hang't ——Give me a pen —— I had rather ſet my hand to't unſight and unſeen, than to trouble my head to read it over ——— *Subſcribes.*

4. *Cit.* Sure there can be no hurt in't; there are ſo many hands to't:

Phi. You may be ſure of that — (many hands to't:

3. *Cit.* What is it then?

Phil. Why — you congratulate his ſafe return,
And pray him he would aſſiſt the Emperor;
Alas good Prince, he'll have a heavy trouble of't.

5. *Cit.* Aſſiſt him! That is as much as to ſay, Aſſiſt — or ſo —

6. *Cit.* — I, neighbour I, 'tis plain.

5. *Cit.* Not ſo plain as you make it neither —— Give me the pen ——— I cannot write; but I can make a G for *John.*

3. *Cit.* And I a K for *Chriſtopher*:

6. *Cit.* I cannot read, but I can write —— when I have written it, any one may read it. — (*They all ſubſcribe*)

(*9 others paſs the Stage*)

2. *Cit.* Hoop holyday! What's Hell broke looſe? What (are you?

Tay. Tailors, ſo pleaſe you Sir.

2. *Cit.* Oh — Tailors — One man ſet his mark for you all:

Phil. They look like honeſt men — Come Gentlemen; Subſcribe, ſubſcribe ——— *They all ſubſcribe.*

Enter a ſeventh Citizen.

7. *Cit.* How now my Maſters? Sheering of Hogs?
All cry, and no wooll?
What's the matter?

2. *Cit.* Subſcribe, ſubſcribe,

Phil. Nothing but ſet your hand to Petition:

7. *Cit.* For ought I know, it may be Treaſon twenty years hence —— Not I beloved.

3. *Cit.* Not you, why not you? will you be wiſer than the beſt o'th' Pariſh?

4. *Cit.* And City too —— will you?

2 *Cit.*

2. *Cit.* Shew him the Prefident's hand there.

7. *Citt.* Oh ho — I'm fatisfy'd;

Phil. Come, come, fubfcribe: *He fubfcribes.*

2. *Cit.* But hark you, how fhall we get this prefented?

Phil. The Prefident's an honeft Gentleman,
And loves the City — I hope he will do't:

2. *Cit.* Away — Away — Let's to him,

Omnes I, I, I.

Fid. Pleafe your Worfhips to remember the Mufick:

5. *Cit.* Mufick you rogue! I'd have made better upon a

1. *Cit.* Or I with a Key and Tongs. (Gridiron.

2. *Cit.* Hang 'um, hang 'um, we have done with 'um:

Phil. There Sirrah: *Gives him money.*

Fid. I thank your Worfhip:

3. *Cit.* Hold, hold, let him do fomewhat for his money before he goes — Has he fubfcrib'd?

4, 5, 6. *Cit.* No, no, no — he has not yet; but he fhall

Fid. What your Worfhips pleafe — (*Subfcribes*) Is there any more?

4, 5, 6. *Cit.* No, no, no, enough, enough, good Mr. Scraper. *Exeunt reeling.*

ACT. III. SCE. I.

Enter *Andronicus Solus.*

IT hits — And now my work's as good as done;
But I muft caft more blinds, for fear it be
Too foon difcover'd — One would not think how't takes,
That I have added fifty Fryers, to pray
For the curft foul of *Manuel* — See his revenge
(Good Prince) the people cry — 'Twas neceffary:
Nothing eftabliſh'd *Ceſar*'s ſtatues more,
Than re-erecting thoſe of conquer'd *Pompey*:
I muft yet farther, be their Advocate
For liberty againſt reſtrictive Laws,

And make what ever's their concernment, mine;
Thus shall I steal the power, and the dull beast
Not dream it lost, until it feel where 'tis;
Then 'twill be time, and not till then, to hew
Th' Imperial Cedar, and stop the peoples mouths
With a few sticks, and chips, 'twill warm their hands,
When t'other is forgot: the dog that fought
To save his Masters wallet, when he could not
Defend it longer, eat for company;
And so will they; If not, necessity
That has no law her self, shall coin one for it;
All things are lawful to their end; That war
Is just, that's necessary; and those Arms religious,
Where a man cannot well be safe without 'um;
Then shall I triumph, when I make the Empire
Shrink at my weight, and truckle under me;
Trample the world, and frighten fate, to feel
A threed so stuborn as to twist her Wheel: (*Enter Steph.*
How fares my lov'd *Stephanus*?

Ste. As ever,
Your Highness's Vassal. ——

And. Fy my friend, we're one;
How does our friend *Basilius*? ——

Ste. He's well;
And better imploy'd: ——

And. As how? ——

Ste. He's with his Cousin;
A cunning Sophister that alwaies follow'd
The rising Sun —— He now begins to find
It may be lawful; Give him but your hand
He shall be Patriarch, my life, he brings
A Text to make it out. ——

And. So, ply him there;
And put it to him what he thinks, if an oath
Of being true and faithful to *Alexius*,
Were set on foot --'twould be a handsome cloak:

Ste. But do more hurt than good; for if you add,
His Successors, as I believe you mean,

We

We ſhall be ripe too ſoon, and eaſie ſmoakt:
And. Why? I ſhall be his Succeſſor, and then
The oath will reach to me.——
Ste. That will be nothing,
Nor ſtand you much in ſtead; ſuppoſe you were
Now Emperor, and 'twere now put about;
You'd find few boggle at it, but ſuch, as could
Do you no hurt--Theſe Oaths are dangerous things,
They conceal enemies, and make no friends;
One will be true enough without it, t'other
Will not regard it; he that's forc'd to take
An oath, ſtreight makes a ſecond, not to keep it:
You're only ſure of him, whom by believing
To be what you would have him, you make ſo:
And. But yet the greater number will ſwallow it;
Oaths are the ſame to them, as rattles to children,
It makes the cheat paſs eaſie —— ſlide as 'twere.
Ste. Howe're, 'tis tickliſh; ſome Cur or other
May find it out, and bark; and all the reſt
Open for company; then we ſhall have
Nothing but jealouſies, diſtruſts, and fears,
News upon news, Petition on Petition,
Laws, Liberties, Religion, all at ſtake,
And will be loſt, unleſs theſe Geeſe (forſooth)
Cackle and ſave the Capitol.——
And. Honeſt *Stephanus* *Hugs him.*
Ste. Your actions will be Table-talk; diſputed
In Barbers ſhops, and Bake-houſes; each ſlip
Be made a fault, and every fault a crime;
Then ſhall your oath be brought upon the rack,
Whether 'twere lawfully impoſed; or you,
Capable of receiving it; or if ſo,
How far it binds; No faith with Tyrants, ſays one,
With Robbers, another cries; and then how eaſie
'Twill be to make you one, or both, eſpecially,
When they that give the ſentence, make the caſe,
I leave it to your Highneſs.——
And. My beſt friend; *Hugs him again.*

But somewhat must be done to blind the people:
Ste. Keep 'em but moving, they will ne're mind you;
Do you but shake the Tree, they'll pick the Fruit,
And busie enough; but lest (when all is gone)
They should look up to see who 'twas that did it;
You must provide your mask; and of this kind,
None better than Religion —— your Highness
Knows how to wear it to the best advantage;
'Tis a rare servant, but a scurvy Master:
And. Then you think best to let alone the Oath,
At least not press it. ——
Ste. Yes by any means:
You'll find an hundred safer wayes.
And. We'll talk the rest within: these giddy fools
Are hunting out *Basilius*, and may chance
To light on me too soon: ——
Ste. I wait your Highness. *Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCE. II.

Enter Philo *and Citizens.*

Phil. How say you my Masters, who shall make the
So many of us, and not one gifted brother? (Speech?
2. *Cit.* Thus was I could have done my part: The Prince
(And no disparagement) might have heard it too.
Phil. And ne're the wiser —— *Aside.*
3. *Cit.* Troth my Pump is dry.
Phil. This is your drinking —— I have often told you;
1. *Cit.* Have but a little patience, yonder's one
Will end the controversie; do but observe
How hard he wrings, and squeezes; somewhat's coming:
Phil. What? he with that Parenthesis about his mouth?
By no means Gentlemen, 'tis ominous:
What ever comes between't, may be left out.
2. *Cit.* I'm satisfy'd —— 'Tis but a good Speech lost:
Good Master *Philo* be that Office yours. *Omnes*

Omnes A *Philo*, A *Philo*, *Philo*, *Philo*,
Phil. I, now the matter's mended.
Omnes Give't him — Give't him. *(They give him the petition.)*
Phil. Well — if I must — what remedy? —
Omnes He comes. *Enter Basilius.*
Phil. Save you most worthy Sir — I am commanded
By the Inhabitants, and Citizens
Of this great City, to present you this,
And beg your favour and assistance in't. *(delivers the Roll)*
Basilius reads to himself.
1. *Cit.* Hang the rogue how he trowls it out!
2. *Cit.* His tongue runs on wheels.
Bas. In troth my Masters 'tis a noble thing;
And well advis'd: Nay and becoming men
That love their Country: But I'm half afraid
He'll not accept it; He's so humble minded
You'll hardly draw him to't: Howe're I'll try.
Omnes We thank your Honour.
1. *Cit.* I hope you will prevail.
2. *Cit.* I should be sorry else.
3. *Cit.* So should I that e're I set my hand to't.
Enter Andronicus.
Phil. Stand off — He comes himself;
Long live your Highness.
Omnes Long live the Founder of our Liberty:
And. I thank you Gentlemen, But may I serve you?
Omnes Long live the publick Father; Live *Andronicus*.
Bas. My Lord, these Gentlemen (both in their own
And friends behalf) have made me promise 'um
That I'd present you this (*delivers the Roll*) Nor must
your Highness
Make me denyal; Their request is short:
That you'd be pleas'd to ease *Alexius*'s years,
By bearing half the burden of the Crown:
Nor do I think you will disdain a part,
Though you deserve the whole --- And thus of old
The Roman Senate to *Marcellus* joyn'd,

Delaying

Delaying *Fabius*; Age, and Youth together:
A wholesome mixture, where the one brought eyes,
The other hands; This, action, He, advice:
Thus must the body of the Gretian state,
Be wisely temper'd, lest we rue't too late;
Ana. What kind of voyce is this I hear? my friends
Either forget, or know not what they ask;
Joynt Emperor! — were there no Treason in't,
I must not hearken to't; who would be clog'd
With grieves, though made of gold; for such are Crowns,
Or stoop to take one up, that knew the weight of't:
Crowns are thick set with cares; for every gem,
An hundred doubts, and troubles; nor are their ermin
More spotted than their fate; whil'st privacy
Lyes low ('tis true) but yet that low, is safe:
Thunder plows up the Hills, when Valleys scape;
And rives tall Cedars, when the Shrubs go free;
Sleep dwells in Cottages, not thrones; content,
In humble cells; whilst greatness is at odds
With every thing; nay, and its self to boot:
Let others grasp at all, and by great pains,
Aspire to greater: Let 'um vex the world,
They but disquiet themselves; he only lives,
That's beneath envy, and above contempt:
Be it enough that I have serv'd my Country
Thus long; That I have freed her from the Yoke,
Broke all her fetters! — You have had my youth;
Let me enjoy my age: 'Twere too severe
To have had one, and yet deny me t'other.

Phil. That was well hinted Master. Excellent fox! (*Aside*

Omnes Andronicus, Andronicus, Long live *Andronicus*.

5. *Cit.* We've brought our selves into a dainty nooze.

1. *Cit.* Good Sir perswade him.

Bas. I must not leave your Highness so:
Whom can *Greece* think more worthy than your self?
Where should she pay most, but where most is owing?
Let me prevail, my Lord, this day shall be
Writ in a scarlet Text, since hence we date

The

The happineſs, and new birth day of the ſtate.

And. 'Tis ſtrange my friends that you ſhould preeſs me
And put my modeſty to a bluſh --- Can *Greece* (thus,
So far forget her ſelf? Can *Greece* (ſo full
Of able Stateſmen) *Greece* o'reſhoot her ſelf?
Who hath bewitcht thee? with what ſpectacles
Didſt thou look on my merit? that th'aſt made
So fair a letter in ſo ſmall a print?
Andronicus deſerve a Crown! Alas!
Greece is miſtook --- I have one foot i'th' Grave,
And can you think it ſightly to behold
The other in a Throne ---- No ---- Graves, and Thrones,
Hold leaſt proportion; ---- You ſay you love me;
Shew't now ---- and dazle not thoſe eyes agen
Which I thought ſhut to vanity --- I am
Content, and what can Providence add more?
Not that I tell you this as I were lazy,
Or ſullen, or refus'd to ſerve my Country;
Far be it from me; No; we were not born,
To live like Hedgehogs, rowl'd in our own down,
And turn out briſtles to all the world beſides;
Yet muſt we dye t' our ſelves, and ſo let me,
Whoſe age may challenge a writ of eaſe; and crave
Leave of the world to let me mind my Grave.

Omnes. Andronicus, Andronicus, Long live *Andronicus*.

Ph. 'Tis all in vain to preſs him now --- we'll find
Some other time when he ſhall not deny us. (*Exeunt*
And. What is this giddy multitude? This beaſt } *with a*
Of many heads? This thing *Vox populi?* } *ſhout. Ma-*
It can do all; As much, or more than Fate, (*net And.*
Raiſe, and pull down; make, and annihilate;
Yet ſee! How eaſie 'tis to caſt a gloſs
Before thoſe vulgar eyes, thoſe leaden ſouls
Begotten in a dream; ——— *Ex traduce*:
How natural is it for fire to climb?
And could they think a man; nay more, a Prince;
Born near a Crown, of ſuch a frozen ſpirit

That Empire could not draw? Come, come, I must
Play my Cards handsomely; and though I yield
(As who would not?) make 'um believe it is
Through importunity, not my desire;
I'll slip the Vizard first, then let it hang,
Till it fall off, of it self—Thus while they woope,
I'll have my ends, and they beholding too. *Exit.*

ACT. III. SCE. II.

Enter *Conto*, *Lapardus*, *Duca*.

Cont. Observ'd you not the tumult? I've scarce heard
A fuller cry, I wonder what it means?
La. Where has your Lordship been? nothing (but
Is more familiar—'Tis a Petition Treason)
To have *Andronicus* joint Emperor;
Du. And backt (they say) with 20 thousand hands;
Besides some great ones —— But to give him's due,
He has refus'd it; if he ha'n't, I'll swear,
Mamalus was a witch ——
Cont. Why, what of him?
Lap. His name slipt from me unawares; —Good faith,
He guess'd at this unluckily, long since;
But make no words of't; it may do him wrong.
Cont. 'Tis spoken to a stone; yet troth I'm glad
He has deny'd it; say he should be honest?
Du. I cannot see his drifts; would he have took it,
He might have had it now, e're it took air;
And we in no condition to prevent it.
La. What say you if we went and waited on him?
Took notice of the thing, and thankt his vertue?
Cont. I like it well. ——
Du. Then let us not delay it.

As they are going out they are met, and stopt by Maria, Constantine, Mamalus.

Mar.

Mar. My Lords! well met; but whither — You are
Who shall be first to kiss the rising Sun? (posting
L. No, no, there's nothing in't; Besides, you (Madam)
Know we've his Honour, and his Oath engag'd.
Mar. Oh! w'hear you have — And yet I'll scarce believe
(Though I have reason to suspect) he'll break 'um.
Du. There is hope yet: he has refus'd the offer;
Mam. To make them hotter on't; (good Gentleman)
He's modest, and may chance to want entreaty.
Const. Perhaps the cry was faint, & weak, there wanted
More Curs to yelp, and Hounds to mouth it out:
It was some time before he join'd with us,
But yet at last you saw ——
Mam. I fear me, more
Than you'll be fairly rid on —— Enemies
Are ten times easier kept out, than thrown out:
Mar. But had this rabble no head? He is too cunning
To trust a giddy multitude ——
Const. They say
It was the City President ——
Cont. Most likely;
He's one that would be great at any rate; (moves it?
Const. I, here's the hand, but where's the spring that
Mam. The cobweb doth not cover the Spider so,
But I can see him work: This must be old
Basilius, I trace him by his Cousin; ——
They two, are hand and glove — only, one acts,
What t'other's asham'd to own — That holy men
Must (like the holy Language) be thus read backward,
Mar. But what would make him do't? I'm sure my Fa-
Prefer'd him well —— (ther
Mam. But can he make him Patriarch?
You'll say he's dead, and can't; then blame him not
To strike up interest with him that may;
T'other's forgot. — Besides, ambitious men
When they stand still, fancy they're going back;
Thus much, he has already, only tells him
How much more's wanting; and what was a sum

In the desire, enjoy'd, is but a cypher.
Mar. Prithee *Mamalus* — Do not draw the Devil
More ugly than he is ———
Mam. Nor you good Madam
Believe him fairer — Don't we know the Tree
By 'ts Fruit? And judge of men, by Actions?
Not fair pretences — You forget our Proverb,
Remember to distrust — This easy faith
Has done more mischief, than it e're did good.
La. Had we believ'd your words, this had ne're been;
Mam. As how my leaky Lord?--- These bor'd barrels:
Aside.
La. Nay be not angry man; We are all friends;
And may be free --We'll live and die together.
Mar. No heats among our selves good Gentlemen:
Andronicus from behind the hangings.
And. Yonder they are y'faith --- I'll stumble on 'um;
Now for a neat disguise, and all's my own; (*A shout within*
Mar. Hark! hark! What's this? ———
Mam. Ev'n the old rout agen;
This will be somewhat at last, or I'm mistaken.
Enter And: as angry, and speaking to some within.
And. Plague of these fools, and those that set 'um on;
What do they trouble me? Tell 'um I cannot,
Or if I could, I would not; Have they none
To bait but me? ———
Mar. Save your good Majesty.
And. My friends, and all! --- Is this the thanks you give me?
This the reward I have? Who but a madman
Would serve his Country? Who would warm a snake
That knew its nature? For such 'tis to me;
Was't your design when first you call'd me home
To make me miserable; that made you happie?
Who courted you? Did I? No, Heaven knows
'Twas otherwise: If not; you Madam can
Be my Compurgatrix: Nor think it strange
I talk this rate; your ugly jealousie
(As closely as you carry't) is cause enough:

Nay,

Nay I am right; I found it in your looks
Before this Lady ſpake it --- Is't my crime
The people's mad? or muſt my innocence
Suffer, becauſe they know not what they would?
You'll ſay perhaps I have been offer'd Empire,
But have I took it? That I might have been,
And am not; judge your ſelves, whether it ſpeaks
My vertue more, or your ingratitude:
Would he that told the peoples heat, had told you
My frosty anſwer; That had done me right;
But now I ſee, good deeds are writ in Ice,
And the leaſt groundleſs jealouſie in Steel:
Let me remember once (but to forget it
Ever hereafter) I have ſerv'd you truly,
Done my ſelf injury to be kind to you,
And wrought my own diſquiet, to lighten yours:
You know neceſſity firſt made me arm;
And (by what ever's good) there's nothing leſs
Shall make me keep it up; Then doubt not him
Whom you have try'd --- Could you believe I would?
Certain you could not: ——

La. My Lord I'm ſatisfi'd, and thank your Highneſs,
You took the pains to do't. ——

Conto. The ſame am I:

Omnes. And all of us. —— *Mam. shews his lip.*

And. Then pray continue ſo;
Until you find me otherwiſe. ——

Omnes. We ſhall,
Your Highneſs's —— *Exeunt.*

And. Madam, I'll wait on you;
But I muſt chide you firſt, you've been unkind;
Good faith you have --- Diſtruſt a friend! Nay one,
You knew ſo long, and might ſo well command;
I ha'n't deſerv'd it: ——

Mar. Good my Lord forgive me,
I lov'd my brother well; and was afraid,
What ſuch a tumult might. ——

And. Hang 'um --- D'you think

I'd ruine, what you (the glory of your Sex,)
Took so much pains to save ——
Mar. Nay, good my lord.
And. I'm yet too low —— Th'ast a brave noble soul,
And such as might redeem a perisht world,
But that 'tis done already. ——
Mar. Nay —— now —— my Lord!
And. I've done —— But shall I never see the noble *Cæsar*
Your Husband, here —— I'm sure the Empire wants him:
Mar. I would you could; but I'm afraid you wo'nt,
His Ague hath so shaken him in pieces:
And. I'm sorry for't—(hemere was well together) (*Aside*
He has my prayers, and wishes. ——
Mar. Thank your Lordship. *Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCE. IV.

Enter *Manuel, Phile.*

Man. But tell me *Phile*, prithee tell me how
Thou cam'st in this great credit with my Father?
Phil. Oh Sir! I've been his servant many years;
He bred me from a boy, to what you see;
Trust and employment can do mighty things:
Man. How gat'st th'in to that trust? ——
Phil. As other men;
By seeming fool, yet such a one, as might be
Fit matter for the Knave; by bearing injuries,
And thanking 'um; at least dissembling,
Till I had power to act a safe revenge.
Man. Suppose that never came. ——
Phil. Then I forgave 'um. ——
Man. I see th'ast study'd this point; Prithee teach me
Some of those little Arts. ——
Phil. Call you 'um little?
As little as they are, they govern the world.

Man.

Man. 'Tis well 'tis ignorant how little governs it:
But on ——
Phil. Since 'tis your pleasure, I shall —— Who would
Grow to an Oak, he must be first a Twig;
Supple, and pliant; bow with every wind;
He's long a growing up, but sure to stand,
When t'other shews his roots —— He must speak well
Of all in place; No matter what they are,
It is enough, they're there:
Nature ne're made so great a Beast, but somewhat
Might be said for it —— Is the subject dirty?
Wrap't in clean linnen —— For example now:
Is he a down-right fool? —— Call him good natur'd:
A Babler, sociable: A Railer, witty:
If scoffing, pleasant: if malicious, subtile:
If vitious, affable: if fool-hardy, daring:
If given to Ribaldry, A merry Gentleman:
All noise, a learned man: if he saies nothing,
He thinks the more, and has a working brain:
If impudent, A handsome confidence:
They're very near ally'd, and only differ
I'the success: Is he thick skull'd and stupid?
A modest man, and has an excellent wit,
But an odd art of keeping 't to himself:
What though the Shop be thin? The Warehouse has't:
Has he the Statesmans tread? A wise man no doubt:
If we perceive a River run dark, and slow,
We streight pronounce it deep, and ne're examine
Whether the mud at bottom be the cause:
Is he all Apophthegm? A shrew'd man;
What matter though he want a trifling circumstance
Of Sence and Pertinence; What's that to us?
What hurt's in all this? do not we call
Our pretty Ladies, civil, obliging women?
And shall we be less modest to their husbands?
Man. How have I liv'd i'th' dark? I alwaies call'd
A spade, a spade; But now I see, my Knave, 's
Your thriving man. ——

Phil.

Phil. Believe 'um what you please;
But treat 'um like honest men --T'others so broad;
And what's your Lordship better when you've don't?
They know't as well as you. ———
Man. Th'art a rare fellow;
Thou that hast this, hast more. ———
Phil. Why troth --- not much;
He must swear every thing; and if need be,
Forswear't agen; but still beware, it be
Done with a rendorus; He must own nothing,
Laid by; nor boggle at any thing, dry'd up;
And for his conscience, he must split the hair,
Twixt tschy, and prostitute; The one
Flyes in his face, the other makes him cheap;
Lasty; for his Religion (since 'tis necessary
He have a shew at least) chuse't, as men bells,
By the sound; or we, our Magistrates, by th' poll.
Man. But does the world do this?
Phil. How think you Sir?
Do they eat, drink, or sleep? ———
Man. Where ere I come
I find it damn'd ———
Phil. And reason good -- The people
May chance to smoak it else --- Who first discover'd it,
Put teeth in the Sheeps mouths; you cannot fleece 'um
Now, but they'll bite; --- no -- he must still decry it;
But to believe himself, not worth his while:
Man. And dost not thou? what pitty 'tis these parts
Should be thus lost in low, ignoble Arts?
Such little nothings--Leave 'um--I'll preferr thee.
Phil. Defend me from a lecture. (*Aside*)---'T is no more
Than what my betters have done, and thriv'd by too.
Man. Yet let me beg thee leave it; what is got
By such base means, is but an empty blaze,
Crackles a while in talk, but quickly gon:
'Tis not too late for to be vertuous yet;
What's done already, may have rather been
The vice of thy imployment, than thy nature.
What saist thou man? ———

Phil.

Phil. I was ne're obstinate.

Man. Let me instruct thee then--And yet heav'n knows
How much I want my self, yet I may serve
To light a candle to thee, Could'st thou but see
What wertue were, thou would'st prevent my wish;
'Tis a continual Spring, and Harvest both,
Bears fruits, and blossoms, sows and reaps at once,
So quick is the return, and certain too:
And as in equal temperatures, the Pulse
Beat true, & even; so here, she's still the same,
Not swoln with good things, nor cast down with bad;
Free, without cheapness; compos'd without formality;
Calm without dulness; active without weariness;
And in the want of every thing, is all:
How say'st thou *Philo*? Wilt thou have her, man?

Phil. No ready money Sir? -- Half one, half t'other
Were somewhat like --- I hearken to your Lordship.

Man. Whose are the quiet sleeps, but the vertuous?
Who valiant, but they? (not brutish valour,
But) such as dare die in cold blood:
Who honourable but they? Honour without vertue,
Is what the people pleases, not our own:
Who are religious but they? Without it,
Religion's but a soul without a body,
A painted butterfly, a specious nothing;
Whilst join'd they make a perfect harmony:
This is a vertuous man; Fear, neither drives him,
Nor favour draws aside; He values not
The curled wrinkles of a Tyrants brow;
He's still serene; and tires, as well the wit,
As power of torture, and enjoys 'um too:
Such is his mans-estate; And when old age
Has seiz'd the out-works, he's secure within;
And is so far from wishing youth agen,
He's only sorry that e're he was young:
Come--I must make thee vertuous -- Follow me: *Exit.*

Phil. I cannot tell -- (*As he is going out Ph. speaks aside*)
But I half doubt my self:
One such a Lecture more -- And good night Master --

Farewel good honeſt *Philo* -- How it ſounds! (*He ſtarts.*
Had I puling gizard now, 'Twere done:
But--ſoft, and fair goes far. --- *Exit.*

ACT. III. SCE. V.

Enter *And. Steph. Baſ.* --- (*ſhouts within.*)

And. What would you have me do? ——
Ste. Troth, play no longer;
(Pardon the language) They are all agog,
And may do miſchief. ——
Baſ. If you ſlip this minute,
You may wait long enough, e're you get another;
If once they ſettle, all our labour's loſt;
They'll underſtand themſelves --- Beſides, you're gon
Too far, to go no farther: ——
And. You miſtake me;
I am reſolv'd upon it — What before
Lookt like ambition, Is but ſafety now;
I only ſtopt a while, as doubting, whether
'Twere fit t'accept it yet ——
Ste. What ſaid the Lords?
And. Moſt ſatisfy'd; only *Manuel*'s face
Spake more, than his tongue durſt. ——
Baſ. Puh, he's but one,
And may be made; at leaſt, be taken off,
By (the old way) preferment, or his head:
Ste. But there are others, and not leaſt concern'd,
The ſober party, that have ſtakes to loſe;
(The age is too refin'd for men to walk
Inviſible) They ha'n't been dealt with yet.
Ste. 'Tis one o'th' greateſt follies in the world,
For to believe the world wiſer than 'tis;
Call me a *Junto* — They ſhall do it for you;
You'll ne're want men, until you want Preferment. —
And.

And. That were to let 'um see, I needed 'um;
Put a sword in their hands, and make my self
Less than I am; them, more than they should.
Bas. How will y'avoid it? There is no other way
To fix, and settle; then you'll plead consent;
Nor will it be difficult to bring 'um to't:
The people are like sheep, 'tis better driving
A flock, than one. ——
And. But say they should prove sullen?
Unravle my Title? ——
Ste. You must venture that;
'Tis easie turning 'um to grass agen;
By all means let um meet, though they do nothing,
But set the rates of Tripes, and Pudding-pies.
And. Well, be it so; And now my friend, you may
Rally your rabble-Regiment agen:
Tell 'um — I accept it. *Exit Basilius.*
Ste. I'll secure your Highness,
They shall not squabble for want of work; my self
Has cut out more than they'll make up in hast;
Nor shall their speed be more than we think good;
Whilst, though wisemen propose, fools must debate it:
Shout within.
And. Now how I love my *Genius* (*hugs him*) Let's keep
All will be well enough; And though I cannot (here,
Make the deaf Adder hear, I'll be sure this,
To charm him so, he shall not dare to hiss. *Exeunt.*
Shouts within proclaiming Andronicus.

ACT. IV. SCE. I.

Enter *Alexius, Andronicus.*

Alex. No longer Cousin now, but dearest brother,
You're welcome to a burthen, and I'm glad
I've got so good a Partner in the Throne:

And. Great Sir, I thank you, and (have been so us'd
To down-right honesty) I believe you too:
It is enough to me, that I'm your servant,
The partner of your cares, and not your Throne;
Yet who'd be great, when at the best, 'tis but
A better sort of slavery, a handsome Gaol,
And (what the worst of Gaols is free from) envy'd?
Could you believe that in this little time
I should be struck at? and through your sides too?
What is my fault? if to have done um good
Be such, 'tis mine; if to have broke my rest,
That they might sleep secure, be crime, I'm guilty;
Alex. Alas I'm sorry for't; and cannot yet
Conjecture what you mean. ——
And. Please you read this. (*And. gives him a paper*
Alex. How's this?
Belgrade betray'd unto the King of *Hungary*!—
And. It should have been; And had not I stalkt with'um,
It had been now too late to ask whose work 'twas.
Alex. What are the persons? They must be considerable.
And. And so they are;
Alex. But have you taken any?
And. Yes -- divers -- And on one a Counsel of war
Has pass'd, and sentenc'd -- Please you sign the warrant;
Alex. Gi'me't, and lest relation may sway me,
I'll ne're enquire the name (*signs it*) Yet let me see't;
How now! what's this -- My Mother Empress! -- hold:
Make me a *Nero*! take away her life
That gave me mine! —
And. Have but a little patience,
And if I do n't convince you, o'my honour
I'll give't you back agen -- Consider it;
A Frontier, a whole Province in effect;
A little Kingdom; all the fate of *Greece*,
Attends its Fortune ——
Alex. But we have it still.
And. What matter is't -- Then, you believe no Treason,
Unless the Prince be kill'd;
Alex. But 'tis my Mother:

And.

And. Justice respects no persons, Crowns, no kindred;
And Fathers of their Country, know no Mothers:
Alex. As if one could not be a Prince, unless
He put off man—— Come—— You are too severe;
She is my Mother—— Let a Cloyster serve:
And. Severe—— Know I'um joynt Emperor, and can
Do it my self; but that I would not rob you
The glory of the action; This will break
The neck of Treason, when the age shall see
Such signal Justice done upon a Mother.
Alex. That shall not I.——
And. Then let the Empire sink,
I'll never mind it more, nor break my sleep
To force an happiness on one that slights it:
Here—— take your Paper—— But lest it be said
You did once well, and streight repented it,
I thus dispose it—— *Tears a wrong paper, and burns it.*
Alex. 'Tis all one—— I thank you. *Exit.*
And. 'Tis done; and your game's next:—— See!—— Here's the warrant
'Twas a wrong paper burnt:—— What excellent mortar
Blood makes! *Rome* batten'd in't, and from the ruines
Of *Alba*, and the slaughtered world, grew up
To what she was; and so must I the same.
'Tis not enough that I'm got up my self
But I must beat down others; level all
That stand before, or near me; I'm not safe
While young *Alexius* lives, or (which is worse)
Has a friend left him; He has many, and great ones,
And might be worth my fear, could they but fix,
Or know their strength; But there are only two
Considerable, that's *Constantine*, and *Mamalus*;
Honest, and able both—— For all the rest
Would all my friends were what they think themselves,
My enemies, what they are; yet as they are,
They made me what I am; and may again
Crush me to nothing, if I don't prevent 'um;
By giving the first blow, and putting 't home:

Thus, thus it must; Nor can I sleep secure,
Till they have slept their last, and fall together
Wrapt in one common fate; none ever rackt
A grave to find the man he fear'd, or hated;
The rest will follow; 'Tis but using well
The present time, and working on emergency;
Things counsel men, and not men counsel things.

Enter Manuel.

How now my *Manuel* — Thus you see my pains
To make you happy.

Man. Would your self were such.

And. Small time will do't — *Rome* was not built at once.

Man. And better she'd continu'd Cottage still,
Than built on rapine, or enlarg'd with blood;
The tears of *Orphans*, and the curse of Widdows,
Rot not i'th' Ayre.

And. Away you fool — The Fox
Fares best, when he is curst; 'Tis a sure sign,
H'as done his work; — But to be serious — Tell me
Whither a man may not preserve himself?
Or whither all things that are tending to't,
May not be lawfull, at least excuseable?

Man. Thereafter as they are — Though this I'll grant you
Peace without safety, is a base cessation,
No laying down of Arms.

And. Th'ast hit the nail:
Come, you must help me; — See this executed.

Gives Man. the warrant; Man. startles.

What makes you startle? Let me have it done;

Man. Don't — Were I satisfi'd o'th' crime, which yet
The people say, was rather packt, than prov'd;
There's no such dearth of hangmen, that your Son
Need take the office.

And. Stranger to my blood
And never true begot;
Have I for this run through so many hazards?
Ventured so farr, to make a villain great
That never had a soul above a dunghill?

See

See it be done — and quickly — Os———

Man. I cannot;
And which is more I shall not—Disobedience
Is vertue here: — —If you suspect my courage,
Try't yet again; — Shew me your Enemy,
And were he guarded with ten thousand Devils,
I'll through, and through, but I will reach his head,
Or lose my own — But this — Is such a thing
Honor, and conscience, Justice, all forbid it.

And. What are those private toyes to me? Kings may
Do what they list. ———

Man. But can they do't by Law?

And. By law! you blockhead; Doth not Justice sit
At *Jupiters* elbow? What cannot power do,
And justifi't when don? He that can nothing
But what is lawful, raigns by cutteſie:
Besides, what use of Laws? Good Kings may live
Without 'um, bad ones will not much regard 'um;
Had *Alexander* squar'd his actions
By common Justice, he had never wept
The want of worlds; or had *Rome* giv'n back
To every one their own — How had she site
(Like *Æsop's* Jay) stript of her pilfer'd plumes,
And fairly match't to her first Huts agen:
Weigh Crowns by th' ballance and you'll make fine work:
Preach laws to sword-men! — Out — This squemish slave
Exit Manuel; — *At another door enter* Stephanus.
Will be my ruin, and his own in mine.
Welcome my better self! — you must fear this
Dispatch't, and quickly; If the people grumble
Produce your warrant; tel 'um how hard I stood
To have preserv'd her, but I could not doe't.
How sayes my *Stephanus*? ——— *Enter Philo.*

Ste. I say ——— 'tis don.

And. 'Twas my good Angel's voice; good luck attend it.
Now honest *Philo*! How goes your work on? (*And. gives Stephanus the warrant for Execution.*) *Exit Steph.*

Philo. As well as heart can wish; The Stag is lodg'd;
And my Hounds ready. ———

And.

And. But doſt know 'um well?
Have they been enter'd, fluſht in blood before?
I hate the fearful hands.

Phil. We're doubt 'um Sir,
There's not a man amoug 'um but has been
Kickt out of all the Sanctuaries in *Europe*:
Who ever ſpeaks of young *Alexius* next,
Shall only ſay, —He was:

And. 'Twas bravely ſaid:
Come — We have more to do. *Exeunt.*

ACT. IV. SCE. II.

Enter *Const. Lap. Du. Conſt. Mam.*

Cont. We have done well my Lords, we've made a rod
To whip our ſelves — Right *Æſop*'s frogs y'faith,
We muſt be changing — Nay 'tis well enough.

La. For why my Lord — I'm ſure my thoughts were
As ſpotleſs chriſtals could, I conceive one drop
Of blood within me trayterous, it ſhould out,
Though 'twere that next my heart:

Du. The ſame were mine:
I only meant to uſe him as a purge
To carry ill humors, not our ſpirits off:

Conſt. A fit compariſon — We're purg'd indeed;
The remedy proves worſe than the diſeaſe:

Mam. I, you o'reſhot the mark — E're he came in
He was your Creature, but your Maſter now:

Conſt. Where is this perjur'd Villain? — Sure he believes
The bottomleſs bag — That Lovers, and Traitors Oaths
Are lodg'd together (*ſhouts*) The Devil's in this Rout,
More ſhouting yet.

La. And more is like to be;
'Tis thought when fuel fails, they'll pluck down houſes
To keep the bon-fires up — Did not your Lordſhip

See

See the installment? ——
Const. No, but I have heard
'Twas very splendid. ——
Cont. Yes, as Art could make it;
Mam. So't should; The trappings of the President's horse,
Is more than half i'th' Government o'th' City:
Const. But have you seen no publick Acts of late?
The vizard is half off —— The names transpos'd
Andronicus first, and then *Alexius*.
Mam. And reason good; should not the figure stand
Before the cypher? —*Cæsar*, and *Nobilis*;
One does all, t'other drinks all. ——
La. Could he yet stop,
There might be hopes. ——
Mam. Small hopes —— Ambition
Is ne're so high but she still thinks to mount;
That station which lately seem'd the top,
Is but a step to her now, and what before
Was even beyond her wish, being once in power,
Seems low, and cheap —— If I mistake it not,
The Emperor yet lives; and though he is
But the bare shadow of a swelling name,
Can you believe *Andronicus* will brook
An equal in authority? —— Is *Andronicus*
No better known? —— Well my good Lords what say you?
Please you to give me leave and I'll propose,
A short expedient. ——
Omnes. With all our hearts.
Mam. And you engage however you dislike it
Not to discourse't abroad? ——
Omnes. Upon our Honours. ——
Mam. Then thus —— He's yet unsetled; Heavy bodies
Once mov'd, retain a trembling e're they fix:
So here —— The Empire's in a strange confusion,
And 'tis his interest to keep it so;
Now what I offer, is this; That every one
Pick out his Faction, and oblige it to him;
Get but so far into 'um, as to please 'um,

You have 'm sure enough; the power to raise 'em,
Follows of course; Then shall we fall upon him,
E're he have time to think; And break his neck,
By the same hand that set it.

Const. I like it well,
But cannot judge it safe to trust a tumult,
Unless we had a body to make a stand?

Mam. Not will we want it; we'll but use the people
As a forelorn: And for the rest, what think you
Of *Stephanus*? I'll pawn my head I make him.

Const. Impossible. He was the chiefest person
Set t'other up.

Mam. But what has he done for him?
He's but the same he was; and, which makes for us,
Has equals, if not superiors in savour;
I know his spirit can never brook it long;
Do you but give the word, I'll run the hazard.

Const. How say ye my Lords?

Omnes. Worthy *Mamalus*,
You have our hearts, and thanks, and wishes to't.

Enter Maria as in hast.

Const. See! here's more news, I do not like the hast.

Mar. Help, help my Lords the Emperor and's Mother,

Omnes. What of them?

Mar. Oh! dead, dead, dead — murder'd:
That ever earth should bear so curst a Traytor,
Such a false, treacherous, perfidious slave;
And which is worse than all; The people cry,
A judgment on him for his Mothers death?

Const. How! What's all this? good Madam divide your grief,
And let us bear a part.

Mar. I know not what 'tis.
Reports are various — But they say, he sign'd
A warrant for his Mothers execution,
For a suppos'd betraying of *Belgrade*,
And since has broke his neck by a fall from's horse,
As he was hunting — There are others agen
Say he was bow-string'd — Oh this cursed string,

That murders more, than e're the bow kill'd swirly:
That I could see him yet; ——
Then thus I throw off woman; and bury my tears
In my revenge —— Come Lords --- Let't ne're be said
There's nothing left us of our former greatness
But fame, and ruine -- Let it ne're be spoke
Greece is grown barbarous, and the merry *Greek*
Has drown'd the valiant.

Const. Most excellent Madam!

Mar. Come, let's forgive (our selves I mean) that crime
Of ignorance, and well-meaning; We that were
The stairs that helpt him up, our backs, the steps
By which he climb'd, How are we trampled on?
Come, come my Lords --- 'Tis time we look about us,
And ward the threatning blow --- Let's but agree
And our work's done; The Tortoise is secure
Within her shell, if any part lye out,
It dangers all the rest: --- What says *Mamalus*?

Mam. What? But that he ows
Himself, and his, unto your Highness courage;
We had half drove the nail e're you came in,
But now 'tis rivited: There remains nothing,
But that we thank your Highness, and keep to it.

Const. Well mov'd --- Let's on: --

Mar. Do -- And you'll find the Lion
Is not so terrible as the Painter makes him:

La.Du. Agree'd, agree'd --- Let's on ——

Mar. Bravely resolv'd;
Stars have their strongest influence in conjunction:

A clap or two of thunder

Const. Hark! -- Hark! -- The voice of Heaven -- 'Tas an-
And seal'd the enterprise -- And when I fail it, (swer'd us,
Let Heaven strike me, as I this earth. ——

Enter Philo with a guard.

Ph. Stand —— Treason — Seize 'um.

Mar. Seize me! for what?

Phil. Oh! your Highness?
The Emperor will discharge you presently.

Conſt. Unhand me villain — Take that —
Conſtantinus knocks one of the guard down, after a ſhort
Phil. So — So — Away with 'um. *ſcuffle all ſeiz'd.*
Exeunt.

ACT. IV. SCE. III.

Enter *Andronicus ſolus.*

NOw I can ſay I live, and not till now;
I've elbow room enough, And ſpace to breath;
I can look round me too; There's not a tree
That ſtopt my proſpect, but I've levell'd it,
Atleaſt am fairly onward; Not a mote
Hung in my light, but I have ſwept it down:
Now could the ſubtileſt, overgrown Devil
(Whom age had render'd all experiment)
Done it more cleverly? — Theſe fooliſh Lords
(Like *Æſop*'s trees) have lent the Ax an helve
To hew themſelves in pieces; And the people,
Kindled a fire, that ſhall burn 'um up;
And let it burn — This is my time to fix,
And arm my ſelf againſt the worſt; — Th'aſcent
To thrones, is ſlippery, the top ſhaking;
The fall a Precipice: Men go not down
By the ſame ſtairs they climb'd — Yet what of that?
This muſt defend me (*hands his ſword*) *Cæſar* often ſheath'd
(it,
But never laid it by —

Enter Anna.

But ſee! — the Empreſs!
'Twere a good humour now for me that kill'd
The Husband, to make love unto the Widdow;
For once, I'll venture: (*he kneels*) Hail renowned Empreſs:
Anna. What would this plague, and miſchief of our
(Houſe?
What means he? — *Exit.*

And. Duty, Royal Madam, and leave
To drop a tear into this Ocean—— (*Rises*)
Alas good Emperor!—— Who can be happy,
When careleſs Fate ſhall ſpin a thread ſo fine,
Only to ſnap't in two agen?--- Bleſt youth!
Had Vertue, Innocence, and all thoſe Graces
That build a Prince, and make him more belov'd,
Than fear'd, don any thing--- Th'adſt been here ſtill:
Or could that early Majeſty, or Courage
Beyond thy years, prevail'd ---- Th'adſt not dy'd yet;
But ſee our miſery — That nothing can
Be happy long, but Heav'n muſt envy it:
He was two good to live.——

Anna. Would thou'dſt been ſo,
I had not loſt him then:—Damn'd, curſed man!
How durſt thou vent theſe lyes, when thou art he
That didſt contrive his murder, and his blood,
Yet wreaks upon thee.——

And. Wrong not my innocence:
By all the vertues of your ſex, 'tis falſe:

Anna. Thou ly'ſt.——

And. I do not; 'twas a fall from's horſe:
By this it was (*Kiſſes her hand*) (*She ſpits at him*).

Anna P'th---I touch the hand
That is beſprinkled with my Huſbands blood!
The day ſhall ſooner ſet i'th' Eaſt; The Weſt
Shall be Sun-riſing; e're I admit the hand
That took away my Huſband, Kindred, Empire,
Nay, all -- But (what's more dear than all) thy hate;
Which, to my ſorrow, is the common caſe,
Of all with me; but ſhall continue freſh
And green, when thy ill gotten Bays ſhall wither,
And thy perfidious Conqueſts be forgot.

And. Call not my Duty Conqueſt: If you knew
With how much trembling I return'd again,
You would have pitty'd me, at leaſt have judg'd
More favorably — I muſt change my Key. (*Aſide*
But yet admit it conqueſt — He that did

That, can do more — If still eternal hate
Lodgeth in mortal breasts, nor will it be
Reclaim'd, though overcome — Let Conquerors
Keep what's their own, the conquered obey.

Anna. 'Twas thy Ambition first began it all:

And. Say 'twere — 'Tis not the justice of the Cause,
But how it ends, is look't upon — Success
Was always Sainted ——

Anna. Yes, i'th' Devils Kalendar.

And. Come, come, forget. And since I've sheath'd my Sword,
Lay by your rancor ——

Anna. Would my eies were *Basilisks*,
That I might look thee dead ——

And. They've don't already;
And no less power than that, that gave the wound,
Can make the Cure ——

Anna. Then die perfidious Traytor.

And. Yet e're I do't — Let me like dying men
Make my Confession — 'Twas I commanded
Your Husbands death, nor can I quit my self
Of any thing that you have charg'd me with:
Excuse't I must, and shall; or bring you in
As accessary ——

Anna. Me! What means he, trow?

And. I love you, Royal Madam! and with that zeal,
That to express it — were to imagine
'Tere comprehensible — And make it nothing.
Were there ten thousand mischiefs more; each mischief
Clog'd with another million, I would through;
Value no hazard, laugh at blood and ruine,
Till I had plac'd me on that even ground,
Might challenge your love — Now Madam you have the Cause,
Be merciful to me, or just to your self:

Anna. What call you justice then? ——

And. Either absolve me, or condemn your self:

Anna. Was I the cause?

And. Your beauty was.

Anna. Would it had been blasted

Beyond

Beyond the power of Art. ———
And. Be not ſo cruel,
Conſider who 'tis loves you; and what he did
Was for that love: The Emperor is dead;
And 'tis as eaſie to call back the day
That's paſt, as him; A living mouſe is better
Than a dead Lion, I am Emperor ſtill:
Anna. But how? or by what means? ———
And. What matter's that?
It is enough I am; — Here — Take that Love
Which all the world would court — Nor think me old
Although 't as ſnow'd upon my head — Your beauty,
Can raiſe new ſpirits, and my power ſhall fix 'um:
Anna. Let me alone I hate thee. ———
And. But I love you:
Accept it yet, and keep that power and greatneſs
You ever had —— Nay I will double it:
I'll make your ſelf (and only you) the channel
To paſs my favours through: The Empire ſhall
Be bleſt, or blaſted by your influence;
And the leſs world, ſhall ſet its looks by yours.
Anna. Would it had ne're ſeen thine. ———
And. Some Angel help me: *draws his Sword*
Here (*gives it her*) And I tell thee once again, I kill'd
Alexius: And to enjoy thee too;
Revenge his death at leaſt — And ſince I cannot
Live with thy love, let me die thy Martyr:
Anna. I take thee at thy word — Repent — And die.
She offers.
And. Repent! — The phraſe of ignorance — That were
To doubt the Action, in its Cauſe, your beauty:
'Twas I, — Why doubt you? ſtrike — ſtrange! that you 'll
Revenge, nor yet forgive. ——— (neither
Anna. Away diſſembler. (*She throws the Sword at him*
Thou art not ripe for vengeance — Nor ſhall
My hand anticipate thy fate — No — Live;
To let thee ſee how much I hate thee — Live;
Only to fall more infamous: ——— *Exit Anna.*
And.

And. What's here? ——— Love tricks? ——'My life she comes at t'other pluck:

ACT. IV. SCE. IV.

——— Enter *Stephanus solus.*

Ste. And must I still live this unmanly life?
Still brook a Rival? No — In Princes favours
There is no middle 'twixt the top, and bottom;
Their minds are large, but various, and cloy'd
Sooner than others, easily o'relooking,
Their first election — Sure the Emperor loves me;
I never wrong'd him in my thought — He does;
I'll ne're dispute it further — But what is't
Unless I could engross him — There's *Basilius*
Keeps even pace in's favour, and may in time
Get the start o'me, if I don't prevent him:
No more — He falls — 'Tis here, as 'tis in prospects,
When others come on, we think our selves go back.
Enter Philo as going hastily over the Stage.
Whither so hasty man?

Phil. I cannot stay, *(as he goes out he drops a Letter.*
I'll wait upon you presently again. *Ste. takes it up.*

Ste. How now! more work! it is the Emperors hand;
To *Tripsicus*! 's heart — A promooting Rogue!
And can you stoop so low — Then I see any thing
Will serve your turn —— This Letter may beget
Right understanding 'twixt us — Well — I'll read it.

He reads,

Pray mind what I hinted you last — Affairs run high at present, but I shall wether 'um, (Ste. Good! Good! Good!) *— 9, 41, and 85 meet at night — 200 will tell you where it is — Things are not yet ripe enough to own you publickly —*

Ste.

(*Ste.* Better, and better) -- *You know your work* —— *either bring the Account your self or send it by* 90. -- *I had rather the latter.*

Your beloved friend A.

A. —— That's *Andronicus* — I'm sure the hand
Is all his own — Super-excellent!
Y'faith! y'faith! and does the wind blow there!

Philo returns in haste.

Phil. Dropt I no Letter Sir? ——

Ste. You best know that
Your self: What letter? or to whom directed?
Sure *Philo* you're in love, you're grown forgetful:
You know you stopt not here -- Come, tell me true;
'Twas from your Mis' — And you're afraid another
May take the Scent -- Peuh! he'll but squeeze thy Orange,
And thou maist have't agen: ——

Phil. In troth I'm serious,
And if it be n't within, am lost for ever.

Exit Philo

Ste. My pocket, thad'st hit right -- Now for a trick
To kill two birds with one stone -- Make me
A property! An idle tale! -- I have't,
To see how luckily things hit —— *Andronicus*
Finding the City troublesome, as resenting
Alexius murder, makes it his endeavour
To fetch off *Constantine* to his party;
Perhaps to destroy me too —— Not unlikely:
But I shall miss my aim, or I cross-bite him:
'Tis thus — I smoak'd the business, and judging it a fit opportunity to ruine *Basilius*; went privately to *Constantine*, and struck up a friendship with him, and as a first Act of it, bad him have a care of *Basilius*, whose civil usage had no other respect, than to betray him to the loss of his head, which (to my knowledge as I told him) *Andronicus* had plotted, and would inevitably take effect, unless he could turn the mischief upon t'other, by making his escape — Whereupon (by my advice) he has possest *Basilius* of a seeming repentance, for his former obstinacy, and that he is both able, and willing to recover it,

by the discovery of a new plot; —The thing takes — *Andronicus* has sent for him (I wonder he is not come yet) But if he does not give them the go-by, I'll lose my head — If he does — The work is done — *Basilius* destroy'd — and consequently *Andronicus* disarm'd of the City, by the falling of the power into my hands.

Now how I hug my self,
Who cannot make his Port with a fore-wind;
Must use a side-wind — Craft, where strength doth fail,
And piece the Lion with the Fox's tail. *Exit.*

ACT IV. SCE. V.

Enter *Andronicus solus.*

And. And am I Emperor? And do my foes
Still live? — Or must I that have dar'd so far
Faulter at last, for fear the multitude
May be displeas'd? — Can wounded greatness sleep,
Or joy it self, when it beholds a Sword
Hang o're its head? — No — Let me be safe
Though the world tumble, — Slow, and fearful Counsels,
Which narrow hearted fools call caution, (*Enter Philo*)
Ne're made *Rome* what she was; — Who waits within?
What? Has *Maria's* Doctor done his work?

Ph. As pat as wish — She's dead — And so's her Husband:
And. Here — see these Warrants executed; — For *Constantine* let him along till you hear further from me:

Ph. 'Tis done: ——————

And. I like a man goes merrily on; —
Are they not right? —————— *Philo perufes them.*

Ph. Yes, yes, —— But if they were not
I'd make um serve (*aside*) send me good luck — I've
So long in blood, that ten to one he serves me (dabled
As our Musitians, when the Musick's done,
Hang up the Instrument — But I am in,

And must wade through, or sink: *Exit Philo.*

And. So much for them — Now for an After-game:
But that, lies nearer home — Here are a brace
Of Rogues, my Lords in mischief, That's *Basilius*,
And *Stephanus*, whom I kept hitherto
For a reserve, and thought t'ave sacrific'd 'um
Unto a popular fury — But they're grown
Too cunning, and have stol'n the people from me:
Had they no other crime, this were enough;
Who puts off's Hat unto the people, forfeits
His head to's Prince — Nor will't be difficult
To compass theirs — They're jealous one of t'other;
I must foment it, and by setting poison
To work 'gainst poison, rid my self of both:
I've instruments enough to fill their room
Less cunning, and more tractable: — My friends { *Enter*
Most welcome! — What's the news? { *Bas.*

Bas. Little but that *Ste.*
The City's husht again:

And. I thank your care:
What would the Buzards have?

Bas. They know not what:
One's for a single person — Another for two;
A third for neither — A fourth for liberty;
Oh! what a gallant thing this *Sparta was*!
But what that was, the Devil a bit they know:
'Tis hardly credible — There's not a Tap-house,
But's a new Polity — A small free State;
And there they sit in judgment, and give sentence,
E're they agree the Case: —

And. What would y'advise me?

Ste. Let 'um alone — When the dull beast is weary
'Twill fall asleep — If not — 'Grant 'um some toy
You meant t'ave don your self — 'Tis the same thing
As you had given 'um all; They'll be as little
Contented if you had; — They are not capable
Of having all or nothing granted 'um:
They neither brook a down-right slavery;

Not may be trusted with full liberty
And for the rest — carry and even hand,
You need not fear 'um: Wind your stings too high,
They crack, and let 'um down too low, they jarr.
And. My worthy friends — But is't not possible
To find the hands that sets the wheels a going?
I'm sure the multitude are sorts, and carry
Their brains in other mens heads: —
Ste. I've heard of some;
But pittiful fellows sure —
And. As though a Rogue
Might not bring in the Plague! — Have they no money?
Ste. I hope in a short time to give you a Catalogue.
And. Tis but ill playing with these tools; — I thank you:
And now i'll tell you news — could you believe
That *Constantine* should have tack'd about?
Ste. Nor shall I easily — the sky may fall,
But yet I wish, my head ne'er ake till it do so.
And. O — you are too severe; — what says *Basilius*?
Bas. Troth I believe he will — and had you heard
Half our discourse, you must have judg'd the same:
I never met with larger promises.
And. I bad you bring him to me — have you don't?
Bas. I have — And left him with a Guard without
And. Go fetch him in — *Exit Basilius.*
Ste. And he shall fool you both; *All this aside.*
Things just at right as wish — And his escape
Must hit — Pray Heaven he don't mistake the door.

Bas. returns with Constantine and a Guard — Ste. points to the door.

And. How now my Lord — *Basilius* has told me
You'd some what to offer me. —
Const. I heard you were
Willing to speak with me. —
And. How! — What's all this
Bas. Why he told me. —
Const. Nay if you can't agree
I had as good be gone. —

Constantine makes his escape by a door; & claps it after him. — Ste. and Bas. pursue: — Excursions of Guards — after some time they force the door.

Ste.

Ste. Hold —— ſtop the Traytor.
And. Where leads this door?
1. *Gua.* Unto the water Sir.
And. Nay then he's gon: ---- Order a Galley ſtreight
To give him chaſe --- Diſperſe --- ſtop ev'ry paſſage,
A 1000 Crowns to him that brings his head:
There muſt be more in this, then barely chance:
'Twas a bold Rogue that did it. — (*Ste. returns in a fury with his ſword drawn*)
Ste. Nothing but Locks
And Bolts? --- Sir you're betrai'd. --- (*Enter Guard.*)
And. Did you recover him?
2. *Gua.* No he got boat e're we could reach the ſtairs.
And. But whither went he?
2 *Gua.* 'Twas ſo thick a fogg
And the boat ſo well man'd, we quickly loſt her.
And. Death! and the Furys! —— Am I then betrai'd?
And my ſelf made the Inſtrument? --- Where's *Baſilius*?
2 *Gua.* We left him fitting out a Gally.
And. Hence. ———
Ste. Let me beſeech your Majeſty ---- Be n't troubled;
Now you ſhall ſee I love you —— If it be
A thing of chance, you'll hear no further of't;
If otherwiſe --- and he deſigns a riſing;
The City is the Scene --- I'll get before him
And raiſe the Guards --- And if your Majeſty
Thought it convenient, could ſeiſe the heads
Of the left mutiny — But then — *Baſilius.* ———
And. And what of him? ———
Ste. May chance to take it ill;
There's ſome of 'um are his relations:
And. But are you ſure to ſeize 'um.
Ste. Do I live?
And. And you dare act as high, as I dare truſt you?
Ste. Dare Sir! --- How think you? --- Dare I eat or drink
For fear of choaking? ———
And. I am ſatisfi'd:
Seize him and all; — 'Tis not our antient friend,
But our new enemy: ———

Ste. It may be dangerous;
He is so popular.
And. Then knock out's brains;
Such as would own his cause when living, will
Shift for themselves when once they see him dead.
Ste. Please you to leav't to me?—'Tis time 'twere done.
And. Do what thou will't; *Exit Ste.* —— And good luck follow thee:
Tell me of middle ways! An even hand!
Who ever got a Crown by evil Arts,
And manag'd it by good? —That waking men
Should dream themselves away! —Empire's preserv'd
By the same way 'twas got; —I stand too near
A precipice to think of stopping now:
No, I must on; —What I've all ready don,
Is but the Antimask to what I'll do;
When safety comes in Question, there's no difference
Twixt just, or unjust; pittiful, or cruel;
I'll break what will not bow; possess their hearts,
Or force 'um open: — They that will not love,
Shall, at least, fear my power —— 'Tis decree'd
And this great beast, must either bow, or bleed. *Exit.*

ACT. V. SCE. I.

Enter *Stephanus Constantinus.*

Ste. Thus far, my Lord, you're safe;--but one pluck more,
And you may write secure: ——
Const. Nay, that I am,
Is yours; —and singly yours: — but passing what
I cannot name too oft; — let us consider
What must be done: —'twere better dye at once,
Than be thus saw'd in pieces; —Our wounds are
So far from being heal'd, they're hardly clos'd;
Nay (like sick men) we've rather lighted on

A new Physitian, than a remedy.

Ste. Tis but too true, my Lord; — But tis too late
To spend our selves in womanish complaints;
Tis more than time 'twere don. ———

Const. But who shall do 't?
You know our friends are gon; or what's as bad
(By having lost their eyes) unserviceable.

Ste. 'Tis our advantage: — What we want in numbers,
Will be supplí'd in secrecy; Great designs
(Like wounds) if they take air corrupt; — Besides,
These frequent slaughters make our game; They have
Lost their authority, and rendred him
As cheap, as funerals, a Physitian.
And what is greater than all these —— the City
Has ne're a head.

Const. No? —— where's *Basilius*?

Ste. He's gon the way of those that oblige Tyrants
Beyond requital; —— He's strangled:
And now's our time to strike; — Your Lordship has
Good interest among the Citizens;
And they're just ripe for mischief — I have Agents
Now raising 'um to your hand, and shall be ready
To back you with the Guards; make but a stand,
And all's our own; — *Isacius Angelus*
Is of the blood, and we'll proclaim him Emperor.

Const. But he's giv'n up to privacy; — *Andronicus*
Well knew't, that sufferd him to live so long.

Ste. I thought as much my self; ere I went to him;
But now, he is so sensible of 's danger,
He catches at any thing — This is our nick;
For (I'm to tell you news) the Empress
Has, (notwithstanding all her brave resolves,)
Giv'n up t' *Andronicus* ——— Poor Lady!
It will concern us to be quick — This action,
Will rivet all, unless we crush him now;
Now — while 'tis hott, — Come my Lord ——— *Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCE. II.

Enter *Andronicus Solus.*

And. Miſchief of greatneſs! That has all to fear,
Yet knows not whom to truſt; What diſperate Rocks
Muſt it run foul of! when to truſt all, or none
Is equally an error, and both fatal:
How am I fool'd! —— And by ſome boſome ſlave;
But let it paſs —— 'Tis time muſt work it out:
I have enough at preſent to ſooth the people;
Some crafty Devil has buz'd them in the head
With prophecies (the fond belief of fools,
But now and then the talk of wiſer men)
Nothing but murmurs, news, ſeditious libels,
(The common weapons of unmanly ſpirits)
It muſt not be dally'd with; — Theſe hollow blaſts,
Bode no fair weather; Theſe imperfect motions,
Shew ſomewhat's out of frame. *Enter Stephanus.*
Ste. Safety to *Cæſar*;
The Omen, to his enemies; ——
And. What is't
Can need that preface? —— Speak ——
Ste. A fearful comet
Sweeps the air; ——
And. Heav'n, has don us right at laſt,
And grac'd or triumphs with its bonfires too;
If otherwiſe; and there be danger in't,
'T'as told its errand, and betray'd its end:
Theſe toys, aſtoniſh more, than ſignify.
Ste. Nor is this all; — Men talk, as if an earthquake
Had over thrown ſome houſes. ——
And. 'T'as yet left
The Pallace ſtanding; — Have you more? ——
Ste. The Statue

Of

Of your St. *Paul*, drops tears.
And. Meere change of weather;
Unless perhaps the general acclamations
May 've pierc'd its marble with a feeling sense
Of what we are. — Tears are th' effect of joy,
As well as mourning; — But I thought my *Stephanus*,
Had had more wit, then to regard these fooleries;
They're natural; and ignorance of cause,
Must make 'um miracles; — He that regards
The crowing of a Hen; A Fox with young,
Hare, Cat or Weesel, crossing his way; A Snake
Dropt from the Tile; A black Dog at his dore,
A left hand Mag-pie, or a right hand Thunder;
Must never sleep --- The very Peasant, now,
Can half look through 'um — And shall Empire fear 'um!
Ste. Now how it joyes my Soul to see your Majesty
Thus your self still; And to confirm you so;
Let me once say, be safe; — I've charm'd the City
Into obedience; nor is there left
A head, or hand, that dare appear against you:
But though the flame be quencht, there may perhaps
Some brands lye smoaking; — To prevent the worst,
'Twere fit the Guards kept there; — Besides, 'tis good
To shew the Dog his whip,
And. My other self; *He embraces him:*
Keep up thy wonted courage, and make the Empire
Confess, thou sav'dst it: — If you can look so low,
You'll find a nest of Slaves, that (like ill spirits)
Foretell the storm, themselves intend to move;
Let not a Mothers Son escape; These Villains
Are grown State-Mountebanks; Nothing can pass,
But they must raise some Observation,
Or use upon't — And the dull Beast conceives,
According to the colour of those rods,
They cast before 'um — *Stephanus* conceives me.
Ste. I do — And shall not sleep 'till I have giv'n you
Some fair account. *Exit Stephanus.*
And. Farewel my worthy friend:

So — He ſtands ſingle now — He'll fall the eaſier:
He's grown too ſtubborn for me; I dare n't diſpleaſe him
For fear he take a pett, and ſet up another,
Perhaps himſelf; — But I ſhall check him there;
He's only ſafe, that has nought left to fear. *Exit.*

ACT. V. SCE. III.

Enter a Rabble of Citizens.

1. *Cit.* Come neighbour, come — It is not to be endur'd.

2. *Cit.* No Troth is it not ——— I would make a Man a whore, to conſider it ſeriouſly.

7. *Cit.* I told you this before — You might have harken'd to a fool.

3. *Cit.* Pneighbour, would you had?

5. *Cit.* Hang would — Lets be doing;

6. *Cit.* I but what neighbour? What?

4. *Cit.* Any thing — Any thing — I am for any thing:

Omnes. Liberty — Liberty — Liberty ——— *A Hollow.*

1. *Cit.* Why ſhould this *Andronicus* Lord it over us any longer?

2. *Cit.* He is a very Tyrant, that's certain.

3. *Cit.* Troth all I got by his Government, is, that where I had a little money before, now I have none at all.

6. *Cit.* Nor I neither — The Devil might have danc'd in my pocket this twelve-month, and not broke his ſhins againſt one ſingle croſs: — Call you me this aſſiſting?

5. *Cit.* It ſeems Neighbour it is not altogether ſo plain as you made it:

1. *Cit.* What ſay you Gentlemen: ---- There's *Iſacius Angelus* --- And as I have heard ſay, has as good a Title to the Crown as another Man.

2. *Cit. Conſtantinus* appointed us to have met him her --- 'O my word they ſay he is a pretty Gentelman;

4. *Cit.* I wonder they ſhould ſtay ſo long.

6. *Cit.* Tell me of none of your pretty Gentelmen; — I m for Liberty. *Omnes.*

Omnes. Liberty — Liberty — Liberty: *A Hollow*

1. *Cit.* But hark you neighbours — We must have some Government.

2. *Cit.* Time enough to think of that hereafter; — Let's destroy this first.

3. *Cit.* What think you of Aristotocracy?

4. *Cit.* No, no, no — Oligasky for my money.

5. *Cit.* By your favour neighbour, I should think Democracy.

6. *Cit.* And with your favour too; why not Anarchy?

1. *Cit.* Any thing, any thing, but what we are.

Omnes. Liberty — Liberty — Liberty — *A Hollow*

Enter Philo.

Ph. Save you Gent. — What's the business? — 'Tis not Midsomer Moon I hope?

3. *Cit.* Suppose it be — What then? (last all the year.

Ph. Nothing good Gent. — But if it be, I hope it will not

2. *Cit.* Then we shall have another in's room — But what's that to you?

Ph. Pray Gent. — you need not be so stout — I could tell you news deserv'd a better face.

Omnes. What's that? what's that?

Ph. The Emperor has thought upon a device, that no Freeman of *Constantinople*, shall ever want money, unless it be his own fault;

5. *Cit.* That would do well.

6. *Cit.* Yes o'my conscience neighbour would it:

Omnes. But how? But how?

Ph. Do but acquiesce a while, and you'll quickly see; — whereas if you disturb him in't, you spoil all; and perhaps may repent it when 'tis too late.

2. *Cit.* Acquiesce — That's the word — Huh!

5. *Cit.* I neighbour I: Acquiesce:

3. *Cit.* Troth he speaks reason:

4. *Cit.* Marry does he:

5. *Cit.* Our City Orator's but an Ass to him:

Ph. What say you then Gentlemen?

2. *Cit.* For my part (now) I'll live and die with him.

3. Cit. And so will I — We may do worse.

Ph. Yes — I dare trust 'um for the first (aside)

But what's the matter? — Has so good an Emperor but two friends among you all? — Throw up your caps, and away with't: (Andronicus

Omnes. One and all — One and all — Long live An-

Ph. He is beholding to you — And I'll let him know as much: — Farewel good Gent. — 'Twas a fore scape. (aside

Exit Philo.

Omnes. Farewel, Farewel — Long live Andronicus. (Hollow.

1. Cit. Come neighbours, come: — We had as good be quiet — There will be faults while there are men.

3. Cit. I, I, — Let's home --- Let's home: ---- 'Tis good sleeping in a whole skin:

As they are going off, Enter Isa. Const.

Const. Now Gent. I see you're men of your words:

'Tis but an easie risk, and all's our own.

Can you remember your old Emperor,

Or his late murder'd Son; and not acknowledge

The Heir — Th'undoubted Heir? ———

1. Cit. I neighbour I — 'Twas this we came about.

2. Cit. Where's that Rogue Philo? knock out's brains.

Omnes. I, I, I, Where is he? — Where is he?

3. Cit. We cannot for shame now, but proclaim him

6. Cit. Oh by any means: (Emperor.

Omnes. Long live Isacius Emperor of Greece!

Isa. It was so far (my friends and Countrymen)

From my desires, t'ave liv'deo see this day,

'Twas never in my thoughts — My privacy

Was all the Empire I or wisht, or dream't:

But since your joint unanimous consent

Has firm'd that Title, which my birthright gave me,

I cannot but I must acknowledge it:

3. Cit. What's that he says — Long live Isacius?

Omnes. Long live the Emperor?

4. Cit. Peace, hear him speak.

Isa. 'Tis not my business here to rip old sores,

Or to keep ope those wounds, which let alone,

Would

Would close themselves: -- Yet since the readiest way
To what we should be, is to know what we are;
Let me once ask you -- What d'you call this place?
Greece, or her ruines? ---- You had once an Emperor,
A good one too, I mean *Alexius*:
I will not say who murder'd him -- He had
A sister -- I do not say she was poison'd:
You had good Laws: -- *Andronicus* made more,
I would he had kept either: -- I forbear
Conto, *Mamalus*, *Cæsar*, *Basilius*,
Lapardas, *Ducas*, and a 1000 more,
Some murder'd, others, their eies bor'd out -- My way
Is not to speak against such as are absent:

Omnes. Yes -- Yes -- Yes -- Pray on: -- Long live *Isacius*!

6. *Cit.* Peace, hear him speak:

Isa. Which of you all durst shake his head, and not
Believe it loose, and might fall off? ---- What though
You scapt when others fell, you were but kept
To close his stomack, and be last eat up.
Yet let me give *Andronicus* his due;
He brought the City once again within
Her Walls, whose Suburbs (like the Spleen) had swoll'n
To the consumption of the rest o' th' body;
I would he'd left Inhabitants enough,
To people that little remain'd ---- He built a Chappel,
I would the Devil had not set up the Cross;
An Aquaduct, I would the kennels had run
No other colour: ---- One or two good Actions
To blanch and varnish o're a deal of ill,
Is but the Musick to a Tragedy:
But *I* forget my self; ---- *I* never lov'd
To rake in Dunghils ---- *I* only wish their Author
Had his desert ---- Not that *I* bid you lay
Violent hands upon him -- Justice will do
Enough, but give her leave ---- And so *I* shall not
Detain you longer; Only let me beg you
If you meet *Manuel*, to preserve him safe,
His only crime is, that *Andronicus* gat him:

7. *Cit.* I, Here's one ſpoke like an Emperor.
Omnes. Long Live *Iſacius.*
3. *Cit.* Come we loſe time——*Andronicus* may chance to give us the ſlip.
5. *Cit.* But if we take him, we'll give it him.
Omnes. Follow—Follow—Follow—Whoop! *Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCE. IV.

Enter *Andronicus. Stephanus.*

And. But did he land again?——
Ste. I'm certain of't:
I miſt him narrowly — Perhaps he may
Have taken Sanctuary.
And. What?——Harbour Traitors?
Demand him ſtreight;—If they refuſe a ſearch
Force all the doors: *Shout within.* What means that hollow?
Some Devil's aboard——Prithee go ſee what 'tis: *Exit Ste.*
Nothing but miſchief ſtill? No day ſhine clear
Without a cloud?—Ill, follows ill (like waves)
One is no ſooner paſt, but t'other roules:
Within there! *Enter Phile.*
Call me a Luteniſt, and let him ſing
The ſong my Muſick ſang me laſt—Make haſt: *Exit Ph.*
My head's diſquieted;—An old Wizard Saw
Swims in my brains:—'Twas told me once, I ſhould
Live to be Emperor, and that *I. S.*
Should be my Succeſſor—No Delphian Devil
Was ever more obſcure:—*I. S.*—*Iſaurus:*
But I've an eye on him;—Whoe'r he be
The Devil was right, if not, 'twas our miſtake:
But ſay—*I. S.*—Whom Heaven intends to ruin
It firſt infatuates—There's *Iſactus,*
Whom hitherto I've rather ſcorn'd, than fear'd,
Appears like ſomething now:—He muſt not live:

In

In vain we fell a Tree, if yet we leave
Quick roots behind: — But what's the matter?
What makes the day post backward to the East?
Whence this unwonted night? These ſtars at Noon?
Out with that dunghill ſtuff: See how it waves,
And darts at me — But I'll fetch it down.
Where be the Sons of *Titan*? Let 'um come;
I'll be their Captain: With this Arm, I'll pluck
Rocks from their ſtanding; Trees, with roots and all;
Whole Mountains with their Centaurs, and erect
A ſcaling Ladder made of heaped Hils
Whoſe top ſhall touch the clouds -- The world ſhall ſee
Oſſa, once more on *Pelion*; A third,
Shall be *Olympus*, whoſe advanced chin,
Shall knock the Heav'ns, if not, I'll throw it in:

He ſtaggers, and falls into a chair.

Enter a Lute: --- A Song.

Some have call'd life a Stage-play that includes,
Nothing but Scenes, and Interludes;
Others, a month of April, *where two hours*
Scarce paſs without as many ſhours;
Others agen, a miſcelane of years,
Or Chequer-work of hopes, and fears:
But I'm confirm'd they were ordain'd by Fate,
As Hieroglyphicks of a Princes State:

One while his Genius is ſo kind, He'd ſwear
He's in an Empyrean ſphear;
So curſt agen by fits, The frozen Zone
Is habitabler ten to one:
Strange kind of life! to have ones hopes be brought
To ſomewhat, and ſtreight daſht to nought;
When rais'd upon the Pinnacle, 'Tis all
To think, not whither, but from whence we fall.

Since then our dappled Fate is ſuch, who can
Call himſelf bleſt, and yet be man:
Ev'n Crowns their Croſſes have; Nor Cæſar ſhall
Write happy, till his Funeral:
More are our clouds, than Suns; Our care, and pain
Weigh down our bliſs ---- Who's happy then?
He, and He only, whom the womb doth ſmother,
And ſends him packing from one Grave, to t'other.

Ha!

Ha! -- what was that? -- Me thought I heard a voice,
And muſick -- How 't as fixt me? -- *Plato* ſure
Was in the right; Our ſouls are Harmony;
I am my ſelf again -- What ſhould I fear?
Who flies to ſhun his Fate, runs headlong on't:
Heaven helps the valiant; and ne're deſcended,
To ſave that Coward, durſt not ſave himſelf;
Since then the Empire knows not when 'tis well,
I'll make it ſenſible what power can do;
I'm but Defendant, they provoke me to't:
Nor can the world my blackeſt action blame;
Neceſſity, has neither ſin, nor ſhame;
Miſchief is never ſafe, but Heap, on heap,
One muſt back t'other -- They that ſtumble leap. *Exit.*

ACT. V. SCE. V.

Enter *Citizens and Rabble.*

Omnes. Hollow.

1. *Cit.* Where is this Traitor that murder'd the Emperor?

2. *Cit.* Would I could light on him -- I'd have a leg, or an arm of him -- He hang'd my Brother.

3. *Cit.* If every one he has wrong'd have but a little, I am ſure a joint will not fall to your ſhare.

4. *Cit.* Come -- Come -- There will be enough for us all -- Would we had him, though I were bound to give you mine.

5. *Cit.* What had we beſt do neighbours?

3. *Cit.* Smoak the Fox out of his hole:

2. Set fire on the Palace;

4. *Cit.* By no means Gent. -- 'Twill deſtroy a deal of good pillage -- That has done no hurt:

6. *Cit.* No -- No -- No -- Deſtroy all: -- You'll ne're be rid of the Wolves, till you cut down the woods.

1. *Cit.* We had better ſell 'um, and ſhare the money:

6. *Cit.*

6. *Cit.* 'Twill be too long a doing, & others may get in-

Enter Philo.

1. *Cit.* See Neighbours! see! Who comes here?

2. *Cit.* Even the very Rogue that first betraid us.

3. *Cit.* Down with him:

4. *Cit.* Stand:

5. *Cit.* Knock him down first.

Ph. Good Gentelmen —— But hear me ——

3. *Cit.* No — No — No — Hear him? —— That were a trick indeed:

They Knock him down.

2. *Cit.* So farewell him — I have a boy at home will cry for him I'm sure of it.

3. *Cit.* Upon my conscience Neighbour, but my Wife will do the same.

6. *Cit.* Hang him — Hang him — We lose time: — Lets about our work.

Hollow. Exeunt.

ACT V. SCE. VI.

Enter Andronicus with his Sword drawn and a Servant.

And. Ha! *Philo* dead! These Devils are every where Thou shalt not fall alone — What was you saying?

Ser. Another Rout has seiz'd St. *Sophi's* Temple.

And. Who heads 'um? ——

Ser. Constantinus; Who has taken *Isacius Angelus*, and proclam'd him Emperor: And to them *Stephanus*, with all his Guards, Is since revolted.

And. Then, Farewel my hopes; But I am still *Andronicus*! —— Leave me:

Exit Servant.

And is your Anger such, ye Powers? And can What's least above stoop to contest with Man? Did ye of brittle clay his Fabrick rear

Only to dash't in pieces! Had ye him bad
His Maker's Image in his brow, to shew
Ye reign'd above, be, a small Jave below?
Only to shew him happiness; And yet,
Streight snatch it from him, or tumble him, from it;
Had I submitted to a general fate,
It had been nothing — Had I seen my State,
And Empire sunk before me, I had gone
Contentedly — But to fall alone,
Thus tamely lost — What boot's it to complain?
Give me one Battel — Heav'n! — Be Heav'n again;
One Battel — And let me perish.

Enter, or cast the rabble.

1. *Cit.* Here he is: — Follow — Follow — Follow —

And. Villians.

2. *Cit.* Stand. *He kills 2 or 3 — The rest run.*

And. Lye thou *By another door Enter Servant.*

Ser. I'm sorry I came so late: — Please you great Sir
Retire a while, until the storm be past:
Your name's too great in Arms to have it call'd
A cowardly flight? — Then fall not out of season;
Reserve your self for better times — I have
A Gally waits your Majesty:

And. Now Heav'n reward thy honesty --- Lead on:
— I know the worst;
Foolish despair, is but occasion lost. *Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCE. VII.

Enter *Constantinus, Isacius and Citizens.*

Con. Not find him yet! — I warrant you we have him:
Stop all the passages, and desire *Stephanus*
To draw down with his Guards. ———

6. *Cit.* All but that last
Is done already: — I'll about it straight. *Exit.*

Const. How! — *Philo* slain! — He never did his Master
a truer service.

7. *Cit.* And my good neighbours, *Ambrose* and *Gregory*; — Alack, Alas! — Nothing certain in this life — To day a Man, to morrow a Cuckold, the next day dead:

3. *Cit.* Come — Come — Let's carry them off — But for that Rogue — Let him ev'n lie — He was a pestilent villain:

4. *Cit.* Are you sure he is dead? — Does not the Rogue counterfeit?

5. *Cit.* 'Twill do no hurt to see;

3. *Cit.* For the more certainty — *stabs him again* 'Tis good to be sure.

5. *Cit.* Well done neighbour! — You're in my mind; — I scarcely believe a man dead, as long as his head's upon his shoulders. *Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCE. VIII.

Enter Manuel solus.

MAn. 'T would be some comfort yet I could but hear
My Father 'scap'd their hands — I'm half afraid
He scorn'd to step aside; — Ha! — What's here?
Alas poor *Philo*! — Dead! — Now I perceive
Thou hadst some honesty, thou lov'dst thy Master;
'Twas more than I expected — What's this world,
And all its greatness? — It has rais'd up some,
But ruin'd more; And even those, whom 't has
Most rais'd, 't'as ruin'd most; — What's all this toil,
And blind pursuit? But like our childrens following
A Butterfly; sometimes they cannot reach it,
Sometimes, o'rerun it; sometimes, think they hav't;
But it flips through their fingers; And at last,
When after all their offers, turns, and falls,
They've taken it, What is't? (Alas poor fools!)
Nothing but painted wings; — 'Tis not my late
Experience taught me this, I ever found it:
Who could imagine to have seen my Father,

So late the peoples darling; now, their hate?
But yesterday, an Empire at his beck;
Now, scarce a hole to put his head: — 'Twas Heav'n,
And I submit: — But yet, it lessens not
Their crime, that were the cause: — There's *Stephanus*,
False *Stephanus*, a Traitor to both Masters;
Were he my Enemy, 't had n't troubled me; *Enter*
Nay — I'd forgiv'n him — But my friend: — 'Tis hard: *Steph.*
See! — Here he comes; — Now Heaven forgive me:
I had a Father, till his treacherous Faith
Bereav'd me of him; — Father — Me thinks the word,
Prompts me to something.

Ste. My good Lord! — Be safe;
Safe, as your Vertue merits: ———

Man. What hast thou
To do with vertue? — I ne're suspected her,
Until I found her in thy mouth: — There —
He strikes off Steph.'s hat.

Ste. Ha! — Has your folly made you desperate?
Now would thy Father, and his daring soul,
Perch'd on thy point: ——— *They draw.*

Man. The justice of my cause
May be enough to do thy work; — My Sword
In a childs hand, inform'd by that, with ease
Would reach thy treacherous heart: — Words trifle time,
Defend your self: ———

They fight, and after some small time enter Constantinus.

Const. Hold — *Stephanus* — Hold — Nay good my Lord
Let me entreat you: ——— *Stephanus falls.*

Ste. How am I lost in sight of land? and all
My tow'ring hopes sunk with me — Heav'n is just;
I would — But cannot: ——— *Dies.*

Man. So may all treachery succeed ——— And if
T'ave been my own Justicier be a Crime;
Forgive me ——— I had no other way ——— His Treason,
Had lost its name, and in the worlds Ethicks,
Had past for Vertue else; ———

Const. Alas my Lord;

'Twas

'Twas an unfortunate action —— But since
'Tis done — Preserve your self —— Pray, good my Lord,
Withdraw a while; nor let your vertue fall
A prey, unto the rabble; ——
Man. I alwaies scorn'd 'um,
And shall not now, by shewing of my back,
Make 'um believe, I fear 'um: ——————
Const. What's your courage
Against their numbers? — Good my Lord withdraw;
Venture not Gold, to Dirt —— Pray give me leave;
calls a servant.
Come hither —— Attend my Lord, and see him safe
Within my doors —— I'll wait on you presently: *Enter another.*
Serv. My Lord —— *Andronicus* ——
Const. Well —— What of him?
Serv. Had put to Sea, and was now well nigh reach'd
The other shoar —— When of a sudden, The winds,
And seas as conscious whom they wafted o're,
Checkt his full speed, and beat him back again;
Yet he put out a second, and third time;
But all in vain —— The face of Heav'n was fully'd,
The winds broke loose, and club'd into a storm;
Till the poor Gally (having lost her Rudder,
Her Oars unserviceable, and her Masts,
Spent by the board) came rowling on the back
Of an impetuous wave, and drove on shore;
Where he soon met a storm indeed —— The people
Having by this time utterly defac'd
Whatever bore his name, or memory;
Fell foul of him —— Or rather He, of them;
Had you but seen the hubbub! —— One twicks his beard;
Another, beats out an Eie; A third, a Tooth;
A forth cuts off a Hand; —— No cruelty
He e'r commanded, but was there agen
Epitomis'd on himself; And when at last,
Their tyr'd invention could inflict no longer;
Laden with dirt, and obloquies, and crown'd
With Garlick, they set him on a scabbed Camel,
And in that odd procession, led him to

The common Gallows, where they hang up that little,
They'd left of him; —— So fell *Andronicus*.
Const. May the same Fate ever attend Rebellion,
And usurpation; —— And let the world,
Hence learn, on what a ticklish point they stand,
Whose unjust actions, and borrow'd greatness,
(How speciously soever colour'd o're)
Have no foundation, but what's built upon
The peoples favour; —— The uncertain people,
Constant to nothing, but inconstancies;
Prove to affect, but without judgement still;
Hot headed —— Envious —— Suspicious,
Yet credulous; —— Frame whimsies to themselves,
And after fear 'um; —— Now set up one, then t'other,
But deal with all, as Children with their Dirt-pies,
First raise, then pash 'um out: *Enter Isocius.*
Isa. My Lord, you hear the news of *Andronicus*?
Const. Yes; —— And may Treason never prosper better.
Isa. But I admire we hear nothing of *Manuel*.
Const. He's safe; —— And now, an object of your mercy.
Isa. For why my Lord? Is vertue grown a Crime?
Const. Behold (*He shows him Steph.*) I'll let you know
the rest within;
But must assure your Majesty at present,
'Twas fairly don. ——
Isa. Shall my first letters then
Be writ in blood! —— Howe're —— I pardon him.
It is enough to me, he durst be vertuous,
When *Cæsar* (and that *Cæsar*, his Father too)
Was otherwise: —— Bid him from me be safe.
Const. I thank your Majesty: ——
Isa. But now my Lord,
I must desire you look into the City;
The people (like the Sea) keep rouling still,
Although the winds that rais'd 'um first be laid:
If they continue longer, there'll be nothing
Left 'um to spoil; and then perhaps they may
Consider, and repent. ——

Const.

Const. I'll ſtreight about it:
They have been up too long: --- 'Twere to be wiſht
This Beaſt the people, either never knew
Their ſtrength, or alwaies knew, to uſe it right.
Iſa. You may go farther, and as you ſee cauſe
Proclaim a general pardon; The more I ſpare,
The more are left me to adorn my Trophy:
Promiſe 'um better daies, and let 'um know
That though we're not in *Plato's* Common wealth,
To have what e'r's amiſs at once remedy'd;
Yet the firſt ſtone is laid; And I diſpair not,
A hopeful ſuperſtructure --- Reſt, and time,
Will make our troubled waters clear again;
For what remains, a gentle hand will do't:
Harſh, cruel Empires (like acute diſeaſes)
Are rather ſharp, than laſting; --- That muſt dure,
Where ſubjects, not their Prince, but for him, fear.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.